This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

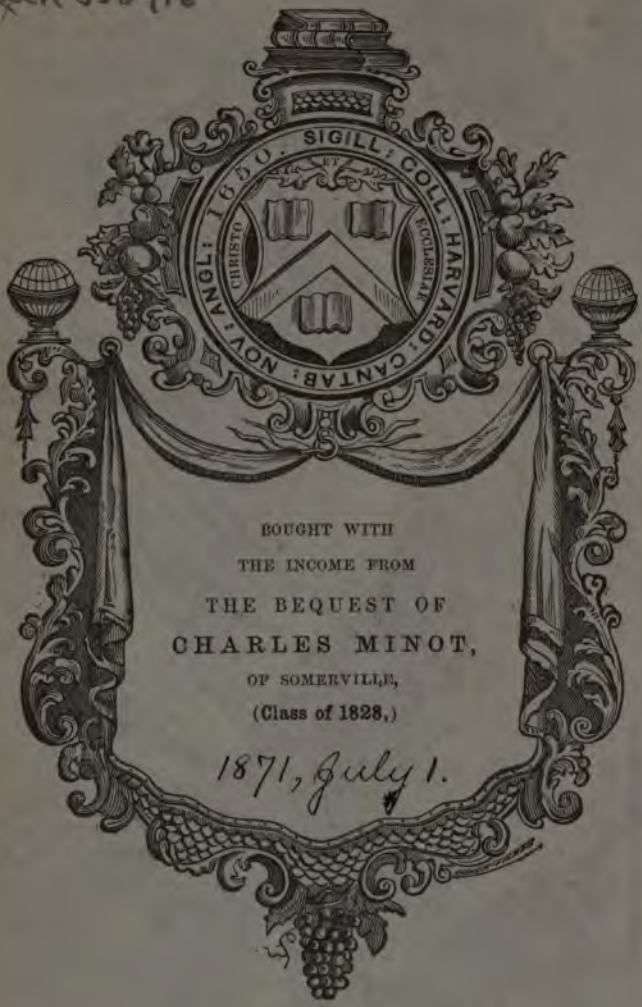
+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

½ 39

Scan 3509.6

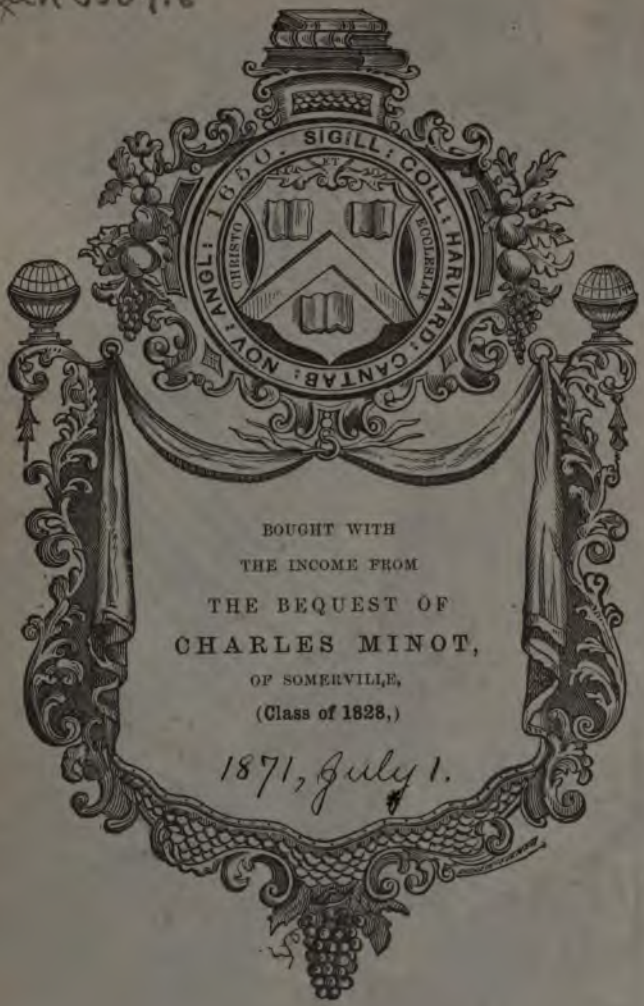


BOUGHT WITH
THE INCOME FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
CHARLES MINOT,
OF SOMERVILLE,
(Class of 1828.)

1871, July 1.

1/2 · 39

Scan 3509.6



BOUGHT WITH
THE INCOME FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
CHARLES MINOT,
OF SOMERVILLE,
(Class of 1828,)

1871, July 1.

TRY LAPLAND.

TRY LAPLAND.

TRY LAPLAND.

A FRESH FIELD FOR SUMMER TOURISTS.

BY

Alexander Hadden

ALEX. H. HUTCHINSON,

CAPTAIN ROYAL ARTILLERY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1870.

Scan 3509.6

1871, July 1.
Minot Fund.

LONDON:
BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE.

THE difficulty of finding new ground for travel is increasing every year for those who, with but a limited time at their disposal, are yet tired of the beaten paths of Ramsgate or Scarborough, Switzerland or the Rhine, and pant after lands fresh and fair, of which they have never seen the photograph, where the gorgeous hotel with its elongated bills, and the pertinacious touter with his cringing greasy manners, are alike unknown.

We do not forget that in a summer tour there are many things to be considered, and many tastes to be consulted.

Some must have mountain air and scenery; some fishing; others shooting. Some must sketch, catch

butterflies, or botanize; others collect eggs, or gather ferns. Besides, ladies may wish to be of the party! Well, you may add all these together—plus the economy and cleanliness so dear to the English heart—and find the sum total in the land visited by the writer and his wife, during the months of June and July in 1869; the incidents of whose journey the following pages attempt to describe.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Preparations for the journey.—Decide to go overland to Stockholm.—Dover and the Lord Warden.—Brussels and its joy.—Cologne and the Cathedral.—Hanover and what we saw there.—Hurried peep at Hamburg.—The Duchy of Holstein.—Detained at Kiel.—Tossed to Corsoër over the Belts.—The Island of Zealand.—Arrive at Copenhagen 1

CHAPTER II.

Copenhagen—Elsinore and Hamlet.—First Impressions of Sweden after crossing the Sound.—The Swedish "Wolverton."—Jönköping and Lake Wettern.—Stockholm.—Preparing for the North.—The "Volontaire" and her cargo.—We roll in the Gulf of Bothnia.—Rathan.—Land again 31

CHAPTER III.

Our first Glimpse of Northern Scenery.—Traces of the last War between Sweden and Russia.—Shellefteå, its Bay.

PAGE

—Steam Saw Mills preparing Planks and Frames for the English Market.—An Arctic Evening.—The Dog under the Tarpaulin.—Old Gampo.—Piteå and its rocky Bay. —We attempt to be polite in Swedish, and fail horribly. —Luleå.—The Inn, the Church, the Funeral, the Churchyard.—The Professor 59

CHAPTER IV.

The "Gellivara."—We start up the Country.—The great Luleå River.—A Forest Drive through the Sand.—Edefors, our first Mosquito.—Our Bond Street Anti-Mosquito Preservative.—The Flyflap.—Our first Canoe Journey.—Storbacken and the good-natured Settler.—An up-hill Road behind a Lapp Pony.—A burnt Forest. —We drive over the Arctic Circle with difficulty.—Mattissudden and its Cat 77

CHAPTER V.

Jockmock, with its curious Church and funny Houses.—Perilous crossing over a Bog.—The Falls of the River.—Our first real Lapp.—The Pearl-finder.—We buy Lapp Boots and wear them.—The flooded road.—Indian file through the Forest.—Mosquitoes again.—We cross Lake Parkijaur, and "push for it" on Lake Randijaur.—How our Boatmen left their Bed.—Our Resting-place, and Hostess at Bjorkholm.—Niavi (an empty house), its Rapids.—Quickjock at last 103

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE

Our hearty reception at Quickjock.—The Pastor's House.—Magnificent Scenery.—St. John's Day.—Birds' Eggs.—Washing for Gold.—Preparations for the Mosquitoes.—Lapp Dogs.—Up the Fells on to the Mountains.—Waldi Spiket.—Sending Forbud.—The Ants and their Nests.—Snipe shooting.—The Pastor writes a Letter in English.—Fishing at the Falls.—We leave Quickjock with regret 128

CHAPTER VII.

The Fisherman vanquished by the Mosquitoes.—Reflected Objects on Lake Skalka.—Bjorkholm again.—Our Dog sees a Horse and Cart for the first time.—House building at Jockmock.—Attempted Suicide of Dog.—Rare Plants at Payerim.—We pass the tar on its way to the Coast.—Fishing at Edefors.—Return to Luleå.—Sale by Auction of our surplus Stores.—We part with our Dog and take our passage to Stockholm by the "Berzelius". 157

CHAPTER VIII.

We coast along the Gulf of Bothnia.—Fishing over the side of the Steamer.—Alarm of Fire on board.—The Aide-de-Camp's Horse.—Ornosvick, a new town.—Sundesvall and the Overland Route to Norway.—Hudiksvall, an old town with a bad name.—The smoking ashes of Gefle.—A stroll amongst the Ruins.—English Convicts in Sweden.—Oregrund.—The Archipelago of Stockholm 176

CHAPTER IX.

PAGE

The Fortress of Waxholm.—The Baltic Fiord.—Stockholm.—The Bridal Trousseau.—We walk through the Palace.—The Church of the Knight's Island.—"Moriens triumphavit."—The Fishwives and their living Wares.—Grand Concert in St. Katherine's Church.—The new Museum, its Paintings and Sculptures.—We thoroughly enjoy the historical Relics.—The Horse of Gustavus Adolphus.—An Evening in the King's Garden.—The Djürgarden 193

CHAPTER X.

Grand Entrance of the Royal Bridegroom.—We start for the Gotha Canal with a crabby Captain.—We pass the iron Hat and reach the Södertelge Canal.—Again in the Baltic.—Ascent from Lake Roxen.—Lake Wettern.—Want of Nuns at Wadstena.—Six hours of Lake Wenern.—Thrilling Adventure by our American Friend. Our Portraits are taken.—The Falls of Trollhättan.—Gothenburg.—The Kattegat and the Skagerack.—Home again once more 209

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

MAP . . . . . *To face* TITLE.

PAGE

MOSQUITO VEILS 4

CHIMNEY SWEEP AT WORK 25

A PIG IN ITS JACKET 38

OLD GAMPO 64

CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE, "HOMEWARD BOUND" . . 99

THE PARISH CHURCH, JOCKMOCK, WITH BELFRY DETACHED 104

CROSSING THE BOG AT JOCKMOCK 107

THE FLOOD INVADES THE ROAD TO LAKE VANDIJAUR . 112

INTERIOR OF THE LAPP HUT AT PARKIJAUR 118

VIEW FROM QUICKJOCK, LOOKING NORTHWARDS . . 129

PORTRAIT OF A LAPP 135

LAKE TRAVELLING IN LAPLAND 161

TAR BARRELS ROLLING TO THE COAST 168

TRY LAPLAND.

CHAPTER I.

Preparations for the journey.—Decide to go overland to Stockholm.—Dover and the Lord Warden.—Brussels and its joy.—Cologne and the Cathedral.—Hanover and what we saw there.—Hurried peep at Hamburg.—The Duchy of Holstein.—Detained at Kiel.—Tossed to Corsoër over the Belts.—The Island of Zealand.—Arrive at Copenhagen.

"WHERE are you going this year?" is the question so often asked as the time draws near for the shaking off of harness. Happy the man whose mind is made up, and who, instead of wavering towards this or that direction, is able at once to reply, as I did on a similar occasion, "*Lapland.*"

Objections by the score are, of course, showered upon you at once; such as, "Why! where is Lapland? somewhere in Russia? near the North Pole?—and your wife is not strong, and you cannot speak

the language!" etc., etc. Nothing daunted, as these and similar sentences tumble over each other from the astonished querist, we endeavour to reassure him by the answer, that we have gained some experience by roughing it in Norway, and that we prefer the clear, bracing air of the North, with its absence of night, to the short days and Swiss extortion of the South. We are also familiar with German, and can master a little Norwegian, and have already begun the Swedish grammar and dialogues. "But you'll be frozen to death in the Arctic Circle," says our friend, returning again to the charge. "Indeed! we are more likely to be deterred by fear of the heat and mosquitoes than cold!" Doubting our sanity, he adds, as he walks away, shaking his head, "All right! if you will go, give my love to the North Pole."

In this world, we generally find that the anticipation of any enjoyment or pleasure is the best part of it; for, while we contemplate and dwell only upon that which we imagine will be amusing and agreeable, we slur hastily over the difficulties and dangers likely to beset our path. This, I

suppose, makes the preparation for a holiday so pleasant.

Did we not hunt the libraries for books on Sweden and Lapland? did we not put together our rods, and throw imaginary flies all round the garden? The old muzzle-loader, which had seen better days, was sent to be cleaned, and ammunition provided to feed him. Flies of all kinds, spinning-minnows and phantoms, were carefully selected: then came a good stock of travelling medicines, plaister, and insect-powder, which, thank God! returned just as they went; also, a bottle of Patent Lotion, which, when applied to the face, was said to be so deadly to the mosquito, that it could not breathe within a yard of you; alas! in *real* practice we found it only fatal when the insect itself was placed in the bottle, and well corked down. There was also another bottle, of turpentine ointment, said to have a similar result, and recommended as infallible by a great living authority. Did we not use it for greasing our *boots* instead of our *faces*, and find it more useful in the former capacity?

Mosquito curtains were pronounced a requisite, so

they were added to our stores, besides nets or veils for the head; these were made of the same material as the curtains,—a coarse bobbin net,—and had a string to tie round the top of the hat, (we found afterwards that the varmints would squeeze under, unless it was tied twice round), and a wire run in, about the level of your nose, to keep it well off the face, leaving at least a quarter of a yard of net below, to tuck into the waistcoat, or dress,—making all snug, as we thought.

Here we are trying them on, and glaring at each other through the bars!

We did not forget one of Mr. Soloman's (of Albemarle Street) compensated aneroids, with compass and thermometer attached (the most perfect combination of portable instruments); and left the

eatables, preserved meats, &c., till we arrived in Stockholm. Several magnificent brooches, rings, and pins, varying in value, went with us from the Lowther Arcade, as well as some gutta-percha heads, and jumping frogs, with which to amuse the natives. We also tried to procure some tracts in the Lapp language, but without success. Testaments we could purchase at the Bible Society's Depôt in Stockholm.

For the tour we had in contemplation, two routes were open to us,—we might go either direct from the Millwall Docks by steamer to Gottenburg, and then by rail to Stockholm, or overland, *viâ* Hamburg and Copenhagen. As we were to start on the 3rd of June, and had already experienced the playful movements of the Skagerack at that early season on our way to Norway, we thought it better to choose the land journey, and return by sea in August, when the weather would be more likely to be fine and settled.

Our luggage consisted of two small hand portmanteaus, each weighing thirty pounds, a travelling bath some fifty pounds more, a bundle of rugs and another

of rods and umbrellas, my wife's hand-bag, a gun-case, and fishing-basket; the latter has been a great traveller, though it has never held a single fish, it is so portable and convenient that we have always used it in preference for carrying guide-books, sherry and biscuits, or anything else we wanted handy; being provided with a waterproof cover, the contents were safe from any injury by rain. £50 in English money, and £100 in circular notes from Coutts' completed our kit.

All preparations concluded, we took our tickets, registered the luggage for Brussels, and started from the Cannon Street Station of the South Eastern Railway by the night mail,—that smoothest and most comfortable of trains, the engine of which is never thirsty or weary, but lands you at Dover in about ninety minutes without a stoppage.

For two days previous to our departure the air had been warm, the weather calm, and the barometer steady, and we flattered ourselves that we should have a lovely passage; but on nearing Dover, a thick fog of drizzling rain, and a decided movement in the tops of the trees, made us anxiously inquire

as the train came to a standstill at the town station, "How's the sea?" "Calmish, but thick," was the answer of the porter, as we began to run down the incline to the Admiralty Pier; and when at last we were disgorged in hasty confusion on the rails, without shelter of any kind, the gusts of wind and thick, driving mist, joined to the shrieking of the travellers for porters, and the whistle of the steamers as they lay alongside, all tended to increase rather than mitigate our fears as we peered into the darkness. An American, who, with another passenger, had been our companions from London, talking incessantly the whole way, informed us as he stepped out, "that he guessed it likely he would cascade!" We turned towards the head of the gangway leading down to the unsteady-looking boat, and taking one long, lingering look at the yawning sea beneath, walked off in the opposite direction, where the friendly doors of the "Lord Warden," stood open to receive us, offering us, indeed, a more comfortable night's rest than we should have obtained *en route* for Brussels.

June 4th.—Next morning the clouds had cer-

tainly lifted, but a fresh wind came blowing from the S.W., and the storm-flag was flying from the Castle walls. There was, however, no help for it; and, paying our bill with a smile, here it is,—

	s.	d.
Apartments	6	0
Attendance	3	0
1 Cup of Tea	1	0
2 Cold meat Breakfasts . . .	5	0
Total	15	0

we joined the travellers by the day mail, at ten o'clock in the morning, and embarking in one of the most tossy boats, crossed the most kick-up-behind kind of seas, and arrived in two hours safely at the Calais pier.

Once more we are on the continent, and, like every other traveller are again struck by the clearness of the atmosphere and the absence of mists and coalsmuts; they do not seem to exist. Look at the paint on the houses—the caps of the women—and wherever you go it is the same. One is apt to wish it were like this at home; but, after all, our climate is the best for *work;* and though it may be

asked whether we are really the happier for all our energy and labour under the sun, and whether the people abroad do not appear more tractable, better-behaved, better clothed and fed, than the same class in England, no one would wish our English youths to give up their spirit and activity for the idle lounging-about pleasures of the continent.

Our heaviest baggage had gone on to Brussels the night before, being registered through, and the Custom House officers did not look at any of our traps except the gun; they were anxious to know whether it was a war or a *chase* gun, and having satisfied themselves, by ocular demonstration, that it was an ancient "chase," we were allowed to mount into the train that ran lazily into the station.

What is the use of the immense bustle and haste on our side of the water, if it be all lost again on the other? We were anxious to reach Brussels as soon as possible, and, although our passage had not been a very short one, we were detained an hour and a half in the Calais station before we started. Time is certainly not money on the continent.

And here I would advise all travellers to ask the price of things at the buffet before they eat them. Seeing some tempting-looking oranges, we were on the point of appropriating them, when we found on enquiry that they were 4*d.* each! rather more than we liked to give.

Our train was very empty, and, after the usual flat, trumpeting journey, arrived some time after five o'clock at its destination.

The examination of luggage on the frontier was a mere form.

We looked rather aghast on reaching Brussels, to find that our luggage could not be released from the Custom House until the next morning, and wishing to leave for Cologne at 9·30 A.M. and the Douane not opening till 8 A.M. there was not much time for the long and laborious proceedings which we afterwards found attended this process. We drove therefore to the Hotel de Saxe near the station; everything very good, and the charges not quite so high as in the other hotels in the Place Royale.

This prosperous city was bursting with joy in consequence of the birth of an heir to the Throne. The

happy infant had at least ten names which you could read if you liked in the proclamation posted up at the corners of the streets. A friendly native informed us that the child was son of the Comte de Flandres, brother of the King, and would succeed, unless the King had another son—or, as *we* remarked, in default of other grave contingencies coming to pass. "Europe, and especially *England,* would not stand it," he protested vehemently.

In the evening we strolled about the principal streets, supposed to be illuminated; three or four shops with small gas stars, and a few others with half a dozen coloured oil-lamps in their windows.

June 5th.—Drove the first thing to the Custom House, a large collection of buildings some way from our hotel. At the first office, I received a paper, paid half a franc and thought the affair was over; but alas! there was a good deal more circumlocution before our unfortunate luggage could be recovered. I had to visit at least five more different offices (all in the same building, fortunately), in each of which smart young clerks asked different questions and changed my bit of paper. One quite

fancied oneself doing business in a well-known office at home.

Driving back with the now liberated luggage, we left Brussels without a sigh by the morning express to Cologne. The weather was warm, and they packed us up close, as they love to do abroad, especially in the first class; not that there was much to complain of at first, as we had an English family in our carriage, loving fresh air as much as we did. Poor things! they were suffering from the usual complaint of too much luggage, and were bemoaning the payment of thirty-seven francs for its fare to Cologne.

At Verviers, we took out all our traps, thinking we had to change trains as formerly, and so lost our seats; on returning from the buffet, we were hurriedly pushed into a compartment with five foreigners, one very fat, who would keep the windows closed, do what we would, and thus rendered our journey as far as Aix la Chapelle most uncomfortable. What would our English engine-drivers and stokers say, if they had to work their engines in the royal livery as these Prussians do,

buttoned up in blue coats with stocks and forage cap complete? I did not notice any gloves.

Leaving Aachen, we were fortunate in finding a coupé occupied by a kind-hearted German (living in London), who invited us in, and we had a very pleasant time of it for the remainder of our journey. He said his solitude was due to a silver coin adroitly slipped into the palm of the head-guard. We made a note of it.

He was going to Wiesbaden, with which boiling and steaming town he seemed well acquainted. Conversing on various subjects, we touched on the increase of pauperism, and he told us that the Wiesbadeners had long worked the Blackheath system of relief, *i. e.*, giving slips of paper only to all beggars at the house-doors, and that it had succeeded there as well as it had with us. The plan of management seemed much the same, with the addition of a small brass plate being fixed to each house where the tenant subscribed annually to the general fund. These houses were of course avoided by the tramps in their peregrinations.

The clock struck four as we caught sight of the

well-known dome of Cologne. Here we had three hours to wait, before our train left for Hanover. There is a very good refreshment room at the station, with a place for washing, charge sixpence each; if you do not bring your own soap, one penny extra. I tried the soap provided, and found it more ornamental than useful; no wonder several of our companions looked as if they had not gone to this expense.

We strolled into the town, and after two minutes' walk reached the Cathedral. Beautiful as it is, and noble as are the proportions, I still prefer the Cathedral at Strasbourg; nothing to my mind can equal the side view down those splendid Gothic arches.

Before ensconcing ourselves in the Hanoverian train, I had a private interview with the head-guard in a solitary part of the station, which terminated satisfactorily to both parties, and curiously enough, we had a compartment to ourselves nearly the whole of the way, a journey of six hours and a half. The scenery along the line was flat and uninteresting, and on nearing Düsseldorf it became coaly and grimy; darkness soon came to the rescue and pre-

vented us from tiring our eyes any longer, vainly looking for the picturesque. This railway cannot pay for local traffic, as there is no town of any size after passing Düsseldorf, but then it is the main line from east to west—in fact, it is the road from London and Paris, to Berlin and St. Petersburg.

Hanover possesses a fine station and a capital buffet crowded with travellers, though past midnight; we hurried on to our hotel just over the square, which had been highly recommended to us; the sleepy porter roused himself with difficulty and showed us into a room, but declared we could have nothing to eat, the only thing he could offer was wine and soda-water. In vain we implored and explained we had had nothing since we left Cologne, it was very evident he was not trusted with the key of the larder! I fortunately remembered the buffet, ran across and soon procured from the most obliging of Mädchens a bottle of hot tea, some admirable "butter brod" with pieces of meat sandwiched in between, and other comestibles. As I told the landlord next morning, it was the first time I had ever been obliged to go out and buy food to bring in

to a first-class hotel; he only shrugged his shoulders and said we had arrived so late.

Of all flat towns none can be flatter than Hanover, not a hill or even a rise in any of its streets, (what a paradise for a bicycle!) and, in walking round the ramparts on the following day, we perceived the distant country was no better—just as flat as the town. There was already, early in June, a Cologne savour about the place, what would it have been in August?

The next day being Sunday, we remained here. Went to the English service in the morning, which was held in an old Lutheran church, and in the afternoon took a stroll to see the place. It is a fine town, taken as a whole, but we were told that it is not what it used to be; the absence of the court, and the withdrawal of the nobility, have a depressing effect upon trade, not in anywise made up by the garrison of 16,000 Prussians. The town contains 80,000 inhabitants, and looks eaten up by the military; tough, soldier-like young men, tall and well-made. The officers swagger about as if the place belonged to them, buttoned up to the throat

in their blue double-breasted frock coats, however hot the weather is, and never without their swords and gloves; they appear to have nothing to do but return the salutes of their numerous soldiery.

The natives swarmed into the public gardens in the afternoon, hid themselves from the sun under the trees, drank beer copiously, and listened to the music of the military bands; nearly every shop was open nevertheless; how the poor shopkeepers must have wished for an English Sunday! so must the cab-driver! We were greatly amused at one of these vehicles going, say, three miles an hour, the horses trying how not to trot, in spite of being tickled up now and then by the whip of the sleepy driver. We longed to recommend him to shorten the traces and bring the wheels of his carriage nearer together.

Many little bronze angels may be seen on the wayside on pedestals, holding in their hands a money-box, with the words "For the Poor" written upon it. These artistic productions are an agreeable substitute for beggars, and it was pleasing to observe that the latter had retired in their favour.

One of the churches we passed had a curious high brick tower, the top of which was perforated with holes, and occupied by numerous jackdaws; it was evidently a very safe place for their nests, where neither cats nor boys were likely to disturb them. Some of the houses struck us as peculiar with regard to their roofs; one at the corner of a street, had attics six stories high, and each one inhabited.

As we continued our walk we came out by one of the gates, where was an unpretending stone column dedicated to a noble hero. It was erected by the citizens of Hanover to their late head bathing-master, who, during his long lifetime had been the means of saving 560 lives from drowning. Close by were some public gardens, and on asking the money-taker at the wicket what there was to see, he replied, (literally translated) "That these gardens were grand, immensely artistic, and would make you '*bare of wonder*,' and all for three halfpence,"—we passed on nevertheless.

The Hanoverians are certainly imbibing English tastes, and are building numbers of pretty villas, just outside the town, with little gardens and lawns

in front, the grass looking as if each blade had been planted by itself and left uncut to hide the bare appearance of the ground. The table d'hôte was at three, and we were happily reminded of it by a native, who entering into conversation, congratulated us on the weather being warm, as it would make the *cucumbers grow!* Poor fellow! I suppose that indigestible vegetable was a prominent feature in *his* dinner. Thinking how well life could be supported without them, we hurried back to the hotel just in time for the important table d'hôte, where, as usual, we found "great cry and very little wool." However, we thought our bill moderate.

Our journey to Hamburg was very hot, very dusty, very monotonous, and *very sandy,* and as the railway bridges across the two arms of the Elbe are not yet finished, we had to stop at Harburg, where we arrived about noon, and not fancying the huge omnibus, (capable of holding thirty persons) we drove off in a carriage and pair, traversing the Elbe branches by two ferries, the last a steam one.

It was an eight-mile drive to the Hotel de

l'Europe; here we rested till 4·30, when we left by train for Kiel.

Hamburg may be a fine town, but a more uninteresting-looking one for its size and importance I do not well remember; the Alster basin is, however, very handsome, and the picturesque costume of the girls selling fruit makes the streets look bright and cheerful.

We had crowds of passengers to Altona. All the railway stations on this line had cafés attached, where the people sat, smoked, and stared. Altona is about an hour by train from Hamburg, and being on the frontier, there was an examination of luggage. Fortunately, our heavy baggage was registered through to Kiel, and this they never looked at; but the hand-bag, fishing-rods, &c., were subjected to the most minute search. They pinched the rods, hauled over my wife's hand-bag at least three or four times, poked their noses into the rugs, and at last, in the fishing-basket, were rewarded for their trouble. I was ordered to march off into a little room adjoining for further examination, and trembling at what was going to happen, found my-

self in the presence of an important official, who seized the contraband article and handed me over to a clerk; he, provided with a paper document, took down my name in full, the description of my poor self, and other particulars. After much anxiety and doubt, instead of being led off to jail, I was ordered to pay the mighty sum of *one penny!* which I did, and was free. I breathed again, and silently wondered what Bismarck would do with the money.

The reason given for this barbarity is, that Hamburg will not join the Zollverein, and Prussia is determined to bully her till she does; still, it is rather hard upon mere travellers like ourselves, to be subjected to such annoyance. It put me in mind of Naples, in good King Bomba's time, when each of my shirts was carefully unrolled one after the other until I had sense enough to slip a Paul into the hand of the knowing official, when all was suddenly cleared.

Through the duchies of Holstein to Kiel, the country is decidedly tame, with much sameness of scenery, something like our Midland counties.

Linnets and other birds (we had noticed none before save a magpie or two) flew from hedge to hedge; the hawthorn was in full blossom, and knowing old hares might be seen with their heads popping up looking at the train over the tops of the young corn, while coveys of partridges rose as we sped by. Our journey was enlivened by a pleasant travelling companion who gave us much information; he knew the country well, and had helped the Prussians to beat the Danes in the late war. The latter seem to have behaved in a very arbitrary manner towards the inhabitants of the duchies (who were most of them German), not even allowing the clergy to confirm the children until they could speak Danish. All the officials were sent from Copenhagen and would understand no German, so that in courts of justice, interpreters had a fine time of it. The people are now allowed to make use of their own language, but must pay for so doing. A new tax, similar to our income tax, has been instituted, only with this difference, that it must be paid on the first of each month, and if not forthcoming by the eighth it is doubled, by the six-

teenth, quadrupled, and so on till the official steps in and seizes the goods.

There is also a business tax to pay, equal in amount to their income tax, which is about the same as ours.

The natives have a well-to-do look, and grazing land on the coast (upon which cattle are fed preparatory to their embarkation for London) has so increased in value, that it fetches in many parts 4*l.* an acre; a large sum in Holstein.

We noticed a great many storks perched on stones, selecting, as it were, with great care, the fattest frog in front of them, before gobbling him up.

Our friend said he saw them assembling themselves in the same field every year by hundreds; there they remain for a week, trying their wings by continual flights round and round the field; at length the last day comes, and then all the sickly ones and any young birds that have not shown themselves sufficiently proficient in flying or strong on the wing, are separated from the flock and regularly pecked to death on the spot. The slaughter over, the survivors all rise together as one bird, and after a farewell swoop, take their

flight to the sunny south, not to reappear again until the following spring.

As the train ran down to the Baltic, we had a good view of Kiel. It really is a pretty little place, with a most advantageous harbour; no wonder the Prussians were so anxious to secure it. Strong forts are being built on the surrounding hills to protect the entrance, and its new masters are evidently determined to make a regular Portsmouth of it.

The iron-clad "König Wilhelm" was lying there, as well as one or two more ships of war; but commerce seemed in a bad way, little business doing on the quays, and few merchant ships in the harbour.

We drove to the principal hotel, the Marsily Hof, nothing much to boast of, second-rate but comfortable. Here we were unfortunately obliged to rest for twenty-four hours after the fatiguing journey from Brussels. I say *unfortunately*, for that evening the sea was calm as glass, not a breath of air to trouble the waters; and, at any rate, most *ladies* will sympathise in the misfortune of losing such a passage as we *might* have had that night. How merrily we should have sped across to Corsöer,

where we were to meet the train for Copenhagen! But alas! before sunrise came a terrible thunder-storm, which destroyed the mast of a brig in the harbour, besides killing two young men outside the town. The next day, the weather was quite broken up, and a most wild, boisterous morning followed the close, still heat of the previous day.

The boat did not leave till midnight, so we sallied forth to find what amusement we could in the town.

A chimney sweep cleaning a chimney just opposite attracted our attention, and his mode of proceeding was so original, that I give a sketch of the performer,

and describe his operations for my reader's benefit. He had a long rope in his hand, with a heavy stone ball at one end and a stiff circular brush fastened on just above it; this he lowered down and pulled up again until the chimney was clean.

We paid a visit to the Market, where there was little to be seen except large quantities of a narrow eel-like looking fish, with a long pointed snout, which I had never seen before. They called it the horse-fish. The streets and shops are poor, and I should say the principal charm of Kiel lies in the public gardens, with avenues of fine old elms along the water side.

We also visited our paddle wheel steamer, and secured a cabin to ourselves by an extra payment of 7*s*. The boat was smaller than a Calais boat, but, as we afterwards found out, played her part well in a heavy sea.

It seemed strange that a mail steamer which occupied the whole night in its passage, should compel all travellers to huddle together in one saloon, unless they were sufficiently fortunate to secure either of the private cabins.

Here is our hotel bill :—

MARSILY'S HOTEL, KIEL.

	s.	d.
June 7th.—		
2 Teas	1	10
Lights	1	0
8th.—		
Breakfast for two	1	10
Dinner—2 Soups		8
2 Mutton Cutlets with Potatoes	1	10
2 Sweet Omelets	1	2
2 Glasses of Sherry		10
2 Teas	1	10
Bedroom	3	6
Servants	1	2
	15	8

At 11 P.M. the weather had certainly cleared a little, though the heavy lowering clouds looked very ominous as we walked down to our steamer. The captain told us it was blowing hard outside, this we soon found to be undoubtedly true, and with many misgivings went below and pretended to sleep. More passengers came tramping overhead and at 12·30 the whistle sounded and we were off. Course N.N.E., wind N.W. The boat was light, the wind a hurricane.

Down the bay of Kiel the land protected us, but on entering the little Belt, the sea was tremendous, and we were banged about like a shuttlecock, producing sensations extremely unpleasant!

After this we were sheltered by the thin friendly island of Langeland, and the water was comparatively smooth, to our intense relief, but the last two hours crossing the Great Belt were worse than the first. The boat herself did not seem to know whether she were standing on her head or her heels. In a pitiable plight we ran into the small harbour of Corsöer in the island of Zealand; and there, in such a hurricane of wind that it was almost impossible to stand, and shivering with cold and exhaustion, we scrambled on shore, passed our light traps through the Custom House, and made for the station close by. Here was every convenience and comfort, if the authorities had only given us time to enjoy them, but the weather having delayed our passage we had to start at once for Copenhagen. No time even to get any refreshment, except in this way. Putting my wife into the train, I ran to the buffet, bought a cup of tea (cup and saucer too, that it

might be carried off bodily) and jumped into the carriage just as it started, and off we go in Denmark!

As the guard comes to the window he talks in Danish, the same as Norwegian; a pleasant sound to us, reminding one of that most beautiful of European countries "Gamle Norge."

This island of Zealand looks very flat, though fertile and rich. The crops much more backward than in England, nearly three weeks behind, I should think. We pass large farms with their outhouses gathered round them, and the cottages crouch on the ground like frightened partridges, as if afraid of the wind carrying them away, and no wonder! it is bad enough to-day.

Oaks and poplars abound, and here and there we come to a lake of surpassing beauty.

We notice that the young ladies are much better looking, more graceful and not so "cooky" as the Northern Germans; on the other hand, the men are chubbier and more weather-beaten. As for the soldiers, a Prussian looks as if he could eat half-a-dozen at a mouthful.

At the station of Roeskilde, we had a good view of its old brick Gothic Cathedral; the towers are very imposing, and we were told that many of Denmark's ancient kings lie buried in the vaults beneath.

Copenhagen from the train might be mistaken for a German city. A handsome station received us, in front of which bicycles were already running about and coming to grief in every direction.

We had no small trouble with our heavy baggage here. The Custom House officer was evidently an old dolt, rummaged over our things, wanted us to pay duty on our mosquito curtains as they were made of net, and bothered us much. I sent for his superior, a much better fellow, who ordered him to shut up and let us go.

The porter at our hotel gave us the reason of this strictness; namely, that I had been taken for a German merchant, and as the principal trade is in the hands of the Germans, it would have been better policy to have spoken English instead of German. We followed his advice on entering Sweden, and with excellent effect.

CHAPTER II.

Copenhagen.—Elsinore and Hamlet.—First Impressions of Sweden after crossing the Sound.—The Swedish "Wolverton."—Jönköping and Lake Wettern.—Stockholm.—Preparing for the North.—The "Volontaire" and her cargo.—We roll in the Gulf of Bothnia.—Rathan.—Land again.

A RICKETY cab drove us through the city of Copenhagen to the Hôtel d'Angleterre,—situated in a handsome square,—where we were very comfortable, the people civil and obliging, and the bill moderate.

The streets are small, and the houses very mediocre. As to the shops, they would have been looked down upon in the smallest of our country towns. In fact, the whole city, like our hotel, seemed to have known better days.

The public buildings, however, are handsome. The Exchange, one of the most striking,—an old, Gothic edifice, with a spire formed of four dragons, their heads looking towards the four points of the

compass, and their respective tails amicably entwined together.

We had not time to do the Thorwaldsen Museum, owing to our steamer for Stockholm leaving earlier than we expected; but we took a look at the Tivoli gardens, close to the railway station. Everybody seemed to go to this Danish Crystal Palace,—sauntering in the shady walks, boating on the small lake, and otherwise amusing themselves in the different entertainments provided,—such as circus, theatre, cafés, and arcades of shops, scattered promiscuously over the place.

Curiously enough, the Copenhagen police have adopted the uniform of our celebrated peelers down to the new helmet; and if the men were only a little taller, they would pass muster as well in the Strand as in the Kongen's Nytorg.

In the afternoon the wind began to rise, and by the evening a nasty N.E. gale swept through the streets, making it bitterly cold, and causing our hearts to sink as we thought of the crossing on the morrow which could not be deferred. We found, however, on inquiry, that by taking the Elsinore

route (instead of going by steamer from Copenhagen to Malmö, in Sweden, there to meet the train for Stockholm,) the sea passage would be reduced from two hours to twenty minutes. We, therefore, decided upon this, and

Thursday, June 10*th*,—Left our hotel at 7·30—here's the bill—

HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE, COPENHAGEN.

	s.	d.
June 9th—		
2 Teas		10
2 Soups		4
2 Beefsteaks and Potatoes	2	0
Half bottle Claret	2	6
Telegram to Stockholm	2	0
Room with two beds	2	6
10*th*—		
2 Teas, Bread and Butter		10
2 portions of Tongue		6
Servants		4
	11	10

and took our tickets to Helsingborg, the Swedish town on the other side of the Sound. This railway journey occupied nearly two hours,—through a fertile, though uninteresting country, just sufficiently inland to prevent us from ever getting a

glimpse of the sea. As we stopped at Fredericksborg, we were in great hopes of seeing its celebrated Palace or Castle of Peace, but were disappointed.

Approaching Elsinore, the view from the high ground, as the train entered the station, was splendid. The narrow strait of the Sound, with scores of ships at anchor, waiting for the gale to moderate, lay at our feet, the town on the left, and Hamlet's picturesque castle of Kronborg beyond, jutting out into the sea. The latter we recognised at once, from the numerous pictures so well known to every Englishman: we almost fancied we could see the figure of Hamlet himself on the ramparts, and hear the words, "The air bites shrewdly! it is very cold,"—singularly appropriate on this June morning!

Leaving the train for a small omnibus, which carried us through the old-fashioned little town to the quay (nothing to pay), we found a steamer in readiness to take us across. Such a craft! a Scarborough fishing-boat exactly! with the addition of a little engine in her centre. We soon felt how small was the horse-power as we puffed away from the

pier. There was no deck, and the north-west wind was blowing stiffly, right down the strait we had to cross. Happily there came a temporary lull, and, hoisting sail, our steam-barge rose and fell with an easy motion as it met each wave in succession, bringing us, in about fifteen minutes, to Helsingborg, only just in time to escape a tremendous squall of wind and rain which would have drenched us through and through.

On Swedish soil at last, we surveyed with some interest the natives who assembled on the quay to receive us. They certainly lost in comparison with the Danes in one respect,—they were so poor and ragged, though taller and better looking.

At the Custom House we followed the advice received at Copenhagen, and spoke only English,—a sailor, who happened to be present, interpreting for us; for, although we had learnt some Swedish before we started, we thought it better to forget, *pro tem.* After the most cursory examination, we were free, and, piling our goods on a truck, we started off for the railway station, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. Here we had to wait

two hours before the train started; and, as the rain was so incessant that we could not go out, time would have hung heavy on our hands, had it not been for two sets of travellers who entertained us with the recital of their adventures since leaving Copenhagen.

Both parties had started together in the mail steamer for Christiania; the wind, however, blew so violently—right in their teeth, that the first party persuaded the captain to land them at Elsinore. The second (more plucky) determined to go on; but, after knocking about for twelve hours, the captain himself decided this time on beating a retreat, and put back to Hamlet's friendly shelter. Here they also landed, after a terrible time of it; and now, once more united, they hoped to reach their destination by land. Our weary waiting was further beguiled by the restaurant, and the arrival of a young Swede, about twelve years of age, who afforded us considerable amusement in the way of airing our Swedish.

He introduced himself by pushing a card into our hands, and from this, we made out that there

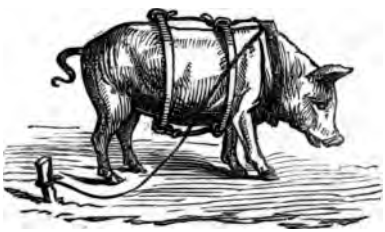
was a situation waiting for him at Stockholm, if he could only get there; that he was authorised to solicit subscriptions, being a good honest lad, and that about seven or eight shillings was the sum total of his desires. Several names were down who had already contributed, and we soon made up the amount between us, to his intense delight; prolonging the conversation in order to take a lesson in Swedish.

At one o'clock, our train put off for Elsob junction, where we were to meet the other Copenhagen travellers, who would leave later than we and cross by Malmö.

The country had an impoverished look as compared to Denmark, more rocky and sterile, reminding one much of Norway. Again we saw the familiar bright red farmhouses, surrounded by innumerable out-buildings, and the split wooden fences so difficult to surmount. Again, bunches of most beautiful lilies of the valley were offered for sale, recalling to our memories the lovely Væblungsnest in the Romsdal.

We were travelling by express, and although the

stations were barely half an hour apart, we stopped five minutes at the small ones and ten and twenty at the greater; the passengers getting out at each and promenading the platform as they scrutinised each other. The animals in the fields astonished us by their quiet behaviour as the train passed by, but we found out at last that the poor things were all tethered down; the cows, by a wooden ring round their noses, and the pigs by a kind of jacket, to which a rope was attached.



About Malmö and the neighbouring districts there is a large trade in gloves. We purchased some afterwards in Stockholm, and found them very durable and cheap; they are also to be had in Paris, but I believe not yet in London.

The scenery now improved rapidly, and glorious

views of lakes surrounded by hills and rocks, and studded with pretty little islets, refreshed the eye after the dreary plains of Belgium and Germany.

Towards 6 o'clock, the train stopped at Elmshut. The refreshment rooms were already open to receive us, and, nothing loth, we bundled out of our carriages, but—shades of Wolverton and Peterboro'!—where were the fly-frequented buns?—the indigestible pork-pies?—the greasy soup?—the washy tea?—the pert young ladies? Nowhere to be found! Did then the travelling Briton return in disgust to his carriage!—oh no! table after table met his astonished gaze, literally groaning under the weight of really good food, with the additional luxury of chairs, so that you could have a comfortable seat instead of gobbling at a trough, misnamed a counter. The first table was provided with tea and coffee, bread and butter, and lots of cream. The next, with fish of different kinds, and soup—all smoking hot. Another had chops, steaks, and potatoes, and a fourth, sweets and puddings *ad libitum.* The only thing that disturbed one's happiness, was the thought of the bill. Visions of

dinner, 7*s.* 6*d.*, waiter, &c., flitted across the brain, until, with joyful surprise, we espied a placard, announcing the astonishing intelligence that you might eat what you liked for 1*s.* 7*d.* Beer and spirits extra. Of course everyone tried to eat his money's worth, and with what satisfaction we reseated ourselves in the train, need not be described, sobered only by the thought of how we did these things at home.

As the railway officials would not take us through to Stockholm in one day, we were obliged to sleep at Jonköping, where we arrived at 10 P.M. The train went to sleep too, as well as the registered baggage, so with a few traps for the night in our hands, we set off for the hotel, some five minutes' walk; and here we began to feel that we were rising in the world, or, rather on it; although it was so late, daylight had hardly begun to wane.

Jonköping is a pretty little place, putting one much in mind of Lindau on Lake Constance.

It lies close upon Lake Wettern, and the public gardens with shady walks running down to the water add to its attractive appearance. The hotel is an enormous building (large enough for Stockholm

itself), with good rooms, though scantily furnished, and the bill very light, here it is :—

JONKÖPING HOTEL.

	s.	d.
Room with two Beds . . .	4	0
2 Teas with Bread and Butter . .	1	2
	5	2

The view from our window on the lake was particularly beautiful. Here, for the first time, we were obliged to speak Swedish with the chambermaid, and got on pretty well. Here was also our first introduction to the Swedish bed, which is certainly peculiar, being so constructed that it shuts up into a sofa by day, and at night one side is pulled out like a drawer till it reaches the proper size in *width*, though considerably wanting in *length*, as is the case with most foreign beds.

Our night's rest was somewhat disturbed, partly by some convivial students in an adjoining apartment, and partly by some pile-driving opposite, which commenced at the hour the students left off, namely, 3 A.M. We breakfasted soon after 5,

our train leaving at 6.30. We were quite sorry not to have time to make a longer stay in this lovely spot.

In a year or two, when the direct line is finished, the journey to Stockholm will be considerably shortened. At present, a long *détour* has to be made by Falköping, where the junction takes place with the Gothenburg line.

No prettier views of mountain and lake could be imagined than the constant succession of peeps over the immense Wettern, which opened out one after the other as the train ran for miles along its banks.

We arrived at Falköping (köping means borough, and is pronounced chupping) Junction at 9, when again a sumptuous repast awaited us, conducted on the same principle as that on the previous day. Swedish cookery far exceeds (at least, to the Englishman's taste) the German. The Swedes are particularly careful in their eating; everything is scrupulously clean, and there is an absence of grease about their compounds truly delightful. Their great peculiarity is undoubtedly the "Smörgos;" this,

literally translated, means "buttered goose." As we never perceived that a *goose* formed any part of it, except, perhaps, among the partakers of the repast, we were at a loss to understand the meaning of the term, and even the Swedes themselves could give us no clue to its derivation.

The Smörgos is placed upon a side-table, and consists of a numerous collection of small glass dishes, containing little scraps of all kinds of eatables, generally *raw*, such as dried fish, raw herrings, tiny slices of smoked salmon or sausages, dried reindeer, scraped cheese, spise-brod (barley bread), and other varieties of black bread and biscuit. In the centre of the viands stand two large decanters, one of gin, the other, weak curaçoa.

It seems a stupid arrangement to spoil your appetite with gin, and parings of cheese and fish, &c., before the regular meal; but you see everyone commencing the substantial breakfast, as well as dinner, by rushing to the smörgos table, the gentlemen drinking freely of the spirits, the ladies, as a rule, avoiding them.

It certainly does look odd to see a lady take a

piece of bread with her fingers, lay it in the palm of the left hand, spread it with butter, and plaster on the top of this a raw split herring, and then away to the large table and sit down to breakfast or dinner, as the case may be.

Many gentlemen to whom we spoke about the smörgos, abused it, but always added it was a custom of the country, which was never likely to be given up. We found it rather to our advantage at the refreshment stations, as all the passengers making at once for the smörgos, left us in undivided possession of the solids.

The Swedish beer is very good and cheap, and their cream and butter are always of the best. In Norway, we regretted continually that we had not brought with us a child's churn to improve upon their very second-rate butter; such a thing as sweet cream was scarcely known. Here, it is very different, and even after tossing about for thirty-six hours in the Bothnian Gulf, we had plenty of fresh cream for breakfast.

Falköping, judging from its Station, must be a busy place. We changed trains, and found ourselves

in the carriage with a gentleman in full uniform, wearing an order something like our Bath, and a short dirk at his side, suspended from an embossed golden belt. Like every Swede we met (with only one exception), he was kindness itself, and as he spoke English fluently, we found him a very agreeable companion. He informed us that he was the director of the railway, and was going to meet Prince Oscar on his way to his summer villa in the country.

All the civil servants of the Crown appeared to be dressed in the same blue uniform; the only difference being in the device upon their buttons. Railway officials had a flying wheel, and telegraph employés had forked lightning.

In about an hour's time we drew up at a small station to await the royal train, which arrived in a few minutes. The Prince, a handsome, well-made man, occupied a saloon carriage in the centre of the train, nicely fitted up with chairs and tables. He shook our friend heartily by the hand, and we saluted him, but I fancied the people themselves did not seem to take much delight in him. He is

heir to the throne, since the death (some years ago) of the King's only son; a parallel case to that in Belgium.

Early in the afternoon, we stopped again at Katherineholm (holm means island) Station to dinner. A more sumptuous repast on such an occasion, I never saw; and it is famous all through Sweden, Stockholm itself being unable to surpass it.

Travelling through a very pretty country, lit up with numerous lakes and scattered villages, we arrived, at 6 P.M., at the temporary station at Stockholm, about a mile from the principal part of the city; the new station, however, quite in the centre, will soon land the wearied traveller nearer to his destination.

Our journey up to this point had taken nine days, and cost us 30*l.* for everything; had we, however, come by sea from London to Gothenburg, and then by the Gotha canal to Stockholm (the way we returned), it would only have cost about 12*l.*, the journey occupying four days; still we did not regret the increased outlay.

The pleasure of a first view is, to my mind, always

diminished by a previous acquaintance with its photograph. Never having seen one of Stockholm, we were thoroughly surprised and delighted. It is certainly unique, lying upon seven islands and two promontories, the water piercing it in every direction, and streets rising up one above the other on each hill, in terraces, like an amphitheatre. There is no level plain to be seen. No description can do justice to this most beautiful city. The atmosphere so clear, the bridges, the crowds of people hurrying over them, the little floating omnibuses dashing about in every direction, the churches, statues, and public buildings, surmounted by the massively grand palace as it stands supreme, towering over all, the centre of the city, make it well deserving of its title "the Venice of the North."

Stockholm is divided into three parts, the North, the City, and the South.

However beautiful the city itself, oh! defend the poor traveller from the streets! The paving is detestable, and open gutters run alongside and cross them at intervals—consequently we were almost jolted to bits during our twenty minutes' drive, and

were glad enough to find ourselves at Rydberg's hotel. This is situated in the Gustav Adolph Square, forming the half of one side of it. If the traveller is fortunate enough to secure a front room, he has before him one of the most striking views in Europe. On the right is Prince Oscar's Palace, on the left the theatre, and opposite, the bridge, with the King's Palace at the extremity; in the distance may be seen the new Museum, of which more hereafter.

Rydberg's hotel belongs to a charitable society, and is let to a Frenchman who does all in his power to make his guests comfortable. The worst part of the concern is the long winding stone staircase, most trying to the knees as you toil up to the different landings. On the first, is the Restaurant. Up again, and the second is occupied as a club. Another flight, and you think you must be there. Alas! unless you are very lucky, higher still! When you do reach your room, it is a good one, and comfortably furnished, and the attendance admirable! also, commend me to the bread and butter! equalled only in Paris.

No dinner can be had, except in the restaurant below, where from 2 to 7 P.M. you can get what you like à la carte, paying for what you have (together with a trifle for the waiter) on the spot, just as if you did not belong to the hotel. This is the best plan, though not obligatory. It prevents mistakes, and saves the trouble of two bills.

Every morning the "rechnung" for the previous day's lodging, breakfast, etc., is placed in your room, but it is not expected to be paid until you leave; a capital arrangement, as any error can be at once corrected.

Saturday, June 12th.—Startled from our night's rest out of the most comfortable of beds, by an unearthly cry in the Square, we jumped up to find it was nothing but the sentry turning out the guard opposite Prince Oscar's Palace. On these occasions the soldiers set to and howl like dogs, reminding one of the Sclavonian sentries at Vienna.

On our first visit to Christiania, we were also disturbed in somewhat the same way, being woke up by most piercing shrieks and cries. On rushing to the windows, we saw a man in the arms of the police

being taken in a cart to the prison opposite. We thought at least he was going to be hung straight off before our very eyes, and rang for the German waiter, who quietly said that we need not be uneasy, the Norwegians always made that noise under similar circumstances.

Having all our preparations to make for Lapland before night, we set to work betimes and hired a valet de place, as there was much to be done. He spoke German fluently, but his English was very lame. I ran him nearly to death, keeping him at the top of his speed all day, and made him happy at the close of it with five dollars, about 5*s.* 6*d.* The Swedish money is delightfully easy. Eighteen dollars to the sovereign; the dollars themselves being only in paper of one, five, ten, fifty, one hundred, and so on. A dollar is worth one hundred öres, a small copper coin less than one farthing, and the silver money is in pieces of ten, twenty-five, and fifty öres. The coinage can be learnt in five minutes.

The first thing to be done was, to pay our fares to Luleå, £2 a piece; and inspect our ship the "Volontaire," which was lying at the Skeppsbron

just over the bridge close by. She was to start at 2 A.M.

I must say my heart fell on seeing the small screw laden down far below her water-line. I made my way upon deck over boxes of machinery and bags of flour, etc.; under the seats were bricks ad libitum. In fact from stem to stern she was completely filled, and there was barely eight feet of room left for the passengers to air themselves on deck. This caused me no small anxiety at first, but afterwards, in a heavy running sea, her steady behaviour quite reconciled me to the heavy cargo.

I found out, on our return journey, that we had better have taken two more days upon the voyage, and gone round the coast inside the islands, instead of by the direct route; but as time was precious, and we wished to see the midnight sun, we chose the more expeditious one.

Our next business was to try and obtain some preserved soups and meat. At least two hours were spent in this pursuit; shop after shop did we visit, discovering only too late that it would have been better and cheaper to have brought them from

England. We purchased six tins of soup and two large ones of beefsteaks (Liebig's Extract we had with us); these we found to be ample, and even had some over in the end.

We also added to our stores a large tin of English biscuits, one pound of best English tea, salt, pepper, mustard, and sugar (all very good, but the last four we did not want), and a case of wine containing one bottle of rum and six of sherry. These we packed in a couple of wooden boxes, together with some Swedish Testaments which we bought at the Depôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

English travellers little know how much God's Word is valued in those lands where there is no facility of purchasing it, or how few of the people whom they meet with every day have ever had a copy in their hands! I well remember the delight of a powerful young Norwegian, who, on receiving one, after having rowed us some distance, far away in the interior, said that he would sooner have it than any money.

Also, my astonishment one day when driving through the heart of the Black Forest, to see a man

seated by the roadside so eagerly reading a book that he was deaf to all that was passing around him; and on my asking what interested him so deeply, he replied, "The gospel of St. John," which an Englishman whom he had been driving in a carriage had just given him.

I remember, too, the keeper or fisherman belonging to an Austrian monastery, from whom we had obtained permission to fish, glance furtively round as he received the, to him, so precious book, and then conceal it carefully beneath his cloak.

As there was a notice in our room at Rydberg's hotel that if we did not leave before 6 P.M. we must pay for another day, we took our things on board, and prepared to spend the rest of the time in the open air.

Seating ourselves in one of the puffing little screw steamers which run rapidly about the waters in every direction, we were landed at the celebrated Djürgarden, in order to dine at the Hasselbacke, the crack café and restaurant in Stockholm. We were surprised and amused to find a number of young men and boys here hard at work on bicycles.

It was a ludicrous exhibition. Out of a dozen, not one could go fifty yards without tumbling. They must have been a very late importation.

A few yards from the landing-place we came to our Villa, where a band of capital music was playing in the gardens; and numerous tables, some under cover, and some in the open, tempted us to sit down and order our dinner, which we did from the *carte*, and found it good and not expensive.

Our hotel bill at Rydberg's was also very moderate. Four dollars for our large room with two beds, and two dollars for breakfast and eggs.

Fairly tired out at last, we took refuge on board the "Volontaire." We found our cabin very comfortable,—a good sized berth on each side as you entered; under the scupper, a wash-hand-stand, which shut up in the day time and made a mahogany table with a looking-glass over it; plenty of room underneath to stow away your traps, and a long shelf overhead, very handy.

It is provoking that these steamers make such an early start, for the prettiest scenery lies between Stockholm and Waxholm, on the way to the Baltic,

and one is scarcely inclined to rise at that hour in the morning, after a hard day's work; nevertheless, we hoped to be up in time to see something of it, as we knew it would take at least six hours before reaching the open sea.

At a quarter to two punctually, we were awoke by the first whistle, loud and shrill. No Swedish steamer ever starts without three whistles, five minutes between each, to let all know of her departure. It was, of course, as light as day; and many people were moving about on the quay.

Sunday, June 13th.—Up betimes, and on deck to see a glorious morning! Not a ripple on this arm of the Baltic.

Land appeared on each side, made up of numerous islets, thickly wooded with pine and birch, through which we threaded our way, going about ten knots an hour, and with a very easy motion of the screw. The captain could speak but little English, nor could our passengers speak much, with the exception of a professor and inspector of schools from the University of Upsala, who was going up to the north on some government business. He was a tall, spare old man,

with a brown wig; very polite, most agreeable and well educated, exceedingly kind and useful to us, speaking both French and English fluently. He had travelled in every country in Europe, and had been sent by his government to each general Exhibition in succession, and was covered with orders and decorations from all lands.

Passing numerous ships on our way, at about 8 A.M. we bid adieu to the land for nearly forty hours, changing our course to almost due north, as we made for a small place called Rathan.

The eating-saloon in all the Swedish boats is forward, in front of the engine-room. This is a very great advantage, as there is never any smell of cooking on entering the cabins.

Lovely weather as we steamed up the gulf of Bothnia, leaving Aland Isles and Bomarsund well down on our right. At noon the wind became much cooler, and blew pretty fresh; later in the day, when we were well away from the protection of the islands, we were followed by a very heavy sea, rising every hour as the sun went down.

Our heavily-laden ship behaved very well; in

fact, the "Volontaire" was a capital sea boat, riding each wave as it came up with a gentle, easy motion. The sailors were soon very busy securing all the deck load by ropes, reminded now and then of this necessity by the escape of some cask running a-muck amongst his brethren. We had fancied they were expecting a calm all the way, for barrels and boxes were piled one upon another in such a manner that the slightest sea would set them off.

The cargo was indeed a miscellaneous one. Every town on the coast was supplied with all the necessaries of life by these steamers; and we carried flour, bricks, oil, machinery, cowhides, furniture, packages of clothing, beer, wine, velvet sofas and arm-chairs, two perambulators, and last, not least, a bicycle. We did hope to have left such civilisation behind us when we neared the Arctic circle.

All these ships steer from the bridge, where there is a double wheel-house of glass, half for the captain and half for the steersman; this does away with the shouting, "Port! Steady!" "Steady it is, sir!" But, on the other hand, there is a continual rattling

of the tiller ropes, as they slide over your head on the deck every time the wheel is moved.

As night-time approached the wind became bitterly cold, and the next morning the sky was dark, with thick, inky, angry-looking clouds, while a magnificent sea came rolling after us. At one moment we were towering over every wave, at the next sinking down in a hole, surrounded by angry, hissing water.

The few ships we met were tossing about under close-reefed topsails, and our little screw drove us merrily along at a pace of nearly nine knots an hour.

About noon we sighted land and islands, the sea went down in a very few minutes—or, rather, we steamed out of it, and came under the shelter of the quiet little hamlet of Rathan, with an island lying in front, which completely protected us.

There were now no more terrible seas to trouble us, as we never left the land and islands again.

CHAPTER III.

Our first Glimpse of Northern Scenery.—Traces of the last War between Sweden and Russia.—Shellefteå, its Bay.—Steam Saw Mills preparing Planks and Frames for the English Market.—An Arctic Evening.—The Dog under the Tarpaulin.—Old Gampo.—Piteå and its rocky Bay.—We attempt to be polite in Swedish, and fail horribly.—Luleå.—The Inn, the Church, the Funeral, the Churchyard.—The Professor.

We eagerly scanned the little village of Rathan, and as soon as the steamer drew alongside the quay, a black board was put up close to the gangway, with the length of time we were to stay here chalked upon it. In this case, nearly two hours were allowed.

Out came bags of flour and boxes of goods, and in went immense numbers of split pine logs to feed our engines, all the coal we brought with us having been by this time exhausted. We took in what seemed to be about half a haystack of wood, piling it on deck round the funnel, as well as in the coal bunkers below.

What a dreary place this Rathan looked!

The trees, birch and mountain willow, were only just putting out their buds, and the shrunken pines looked as if they sorely needed a little warmth and sunshine.

We clambered over the dark masses of rock, numerous mosses and lichens under our feet, and it was cold as winter. The natives told us summer had not yet begun, and they had never known it to be so late.

It must, indeed, be hard for these poor creatures to live; for three years in succession their little crops of barley had failed to ripen, and, unlike the Lapps, they have no reindeer to fall back upon. No wonder we heard that emigration was on the increase, and that 30,000 had gone to America alone within the last year.

Rathan did not boast of a dozen wooden houses, yet there was a small Inn and a Telegraph Office. A house near the quay still bore the traces of bullet marks which it had received in the war between Russia and Sweden. On a hillock close by stood an iron cross, erected to the memory of a Swedish

colonel and his men who lie buried beneath; he in the centre, with all his men around him. Our Professor told us the story as follows;—

During the war, when the gulf was covered with ice, a party of Russians made a foray across on their sleighs; but in consequence of the severity of the weather, they arrived at Rathan in a most terrible plight, half dead from exposure and fatigue. They were taken in and hospitably provided for by their enemies, who nursed and fed them carefully until they were recovered. Alas! they were no sooner strong and hearty, than they rose upon their preservers and put them all to death!

We strolled along the road some little way, passing a few houses with their split fence railings round the little patches of grain just appearing above the ground. So young was this summer on the fourteenth of June, that it was uncertain whether the green or brown tints in the landscape predominated.

Once more on board, in answer to the admonitory whistle, our faces turned again northwards, we steamed gently away in perfectly smooth water, with a cold wind from the south-east, passing most

diversified scenery of birch and pine; the emerald green tints of the former standing out from the dark background of almost bare poles. In fact, some of the islands were so backward in their vegetation that they looked like heaps of stones, with a few sticks stuck into them at intervals.

As we entered the Bay of Shellefteå, our next halting place, the long northern shadows had begun to light up the landscape for miles; the purple rays streaming into red, and the red again into yellow, changing everything to a golden hue; but it is impossible to describe the exquisite effect of these Arctic evenings; the sunsets in the north of Scotland give but a very faint idea of their beauty.

The Bay of Shellefteå was studded with large ships of all nations (the one lying next to us was an English craft); most of them large, three-masted vessels, busily engaged taking in cargoes of wood from the numerous steam saw-mills around the bay. The town was out of sight some miles up the river. There is invariably a shipping port at the end of each of these Bothnian streams, where the wood floating down from the interior is sawn

up and shipped off, either as planks, or else made up into door and window-frames, ready to be set up at once on landing in England.

Just before steaming up the bay, the tarpaulin on deck (so heavy that it took three or four sailors to lift it) was hauled up, and, to our great astonishment, discovered a sturdy, good-looking Swedish maiden of some twenty summers. Fresh as a rose, she left her downy couch, after lying there at least thirty-six hours without meat or drink! So much for northern endurance! To our eager inquiries as to how she could remain there alike through a broiling sun and piercing cold, without refreshment of any kind, she only answered that she felt too ill to move, and wanted nothing. We had observed a kind of heaving under the tarpaulin the first day we were on board, and imagining it to be a *dog*, had poked it with our stick and tried to make it growl. It only moved a little, and all our efforts to rouse the *animal* (as we thought) and make him bark or bite, were in vain. We little imagined it was a human being we were tormenting.

Another deck passenger who had afforded us no

small amusement was landed here. She was evidently a well-to-do old lady, dressed up in all manner of rugs and furs, with a large padded hood over her face, just leaving visible a long, hooked nose, good-tempered mouth, and an enormous pair of spectacles

with rims of gigantic strength. She was so round, fat, and heavily clothed, that after once being comfortably settled down, it required at least two persons' assistance before she could rise from her pillowed seat—one to drag, the other to unroll her from some impeding wrap or rug.

We called her "Gampo."

We all accompanied her on shore to help in squeezing her into one of the country gigs which was waiting in readiness to take her to the town. These vehicles are nothing but a cart with a seat upon old-fashioned swing springs, giving bare accommodation for two very thin people. There seemed no room left for the unfortunate Jehu, after we had hoisted in the old lady with her spectacles, huge carpet bag, box of food, and portable pillow. He, very wisely, however, seated himself at her feet, and patting the stout little pony, drove off in triumph, while we raised our hats and gave her a ringing cheer. It is marvellous how far and with what clearness a distant object can be seen in these latitudes, and it was a long time before this wonderful turn-out was lost to our view.

Why should every Swede take off his hat to every body, on every occasion?—when entering a shop? when leaving ditto? when shaking hands with a friend? meeting or parting? It is always the same, and such a vast amount of time is lost in the operation! The rims of their hats, as a rule, show the constant strain upon their owners' politeness, and

they evidently have not yet discovered any patent process for restoring the brim without purchasing a new hat.

The people on shore were in a most deplorable condition, thin, ragged, and wretched.

Here again, we heard that years without harvests had done their work, and the poor creatures were half starved.

We remained about two hours, longer than we required to look round the place. Vegetation was just springing into life; the trees in bud and the whortleberries in flower; as they were getting about twenty hours sunshine per diem, they were no doubt making up for lost time.

It was somewhere about 11 P.M. as we steamed down the bay again, having parted with numerous bags of flour, boxes of machinery, and casks of wine and brandy. The sun was just sinking below the horizon, lighting up the grey rocks with pale roseate tints, and wild ducks and flappers flew from islet to islet as we passed near their feeding grounds.

Rising early in the morning of June 15 we found the ship moored alongside the quay of Piteå. This

is pronounced Piteo, in Swedish, if the letter "a" has a small "o" over it, as in Luleå, Torneå, &c., it is pronounced almost as broad as "o."

We did not land here, as we proposed doing so on our return.

It was interesting to watch the skilful manner in which the ship was steered, through rocks and shoals which seemed to bar her passage to the sea again.

Our route was marked out with bare fir-trees, a tuft of green foliage left on the top to make them more conspicuous. A little farther on and we passed as it were the last expiring effort of nature in these rocky regions; an island, without a single tree, surmounted in its desolate loneliness by a striped beacon.

Again, we were making our way due north. The sea, still perfectly calm and the weather changing so, that by 4 P.M. when we arrived at Luleå, it was quite warm. This is the most important town in the upper part of the Gulf; and we landed here, although our steamer proceeded as far as Huparanda on the Russian frontier; but we wished to visit Lapland

Proper, and so determined upon making Luleå our starting point for the interior, and working up to QUICKJOCK some two hundred miles away, which had been recommended to us for its unparalleled beauty.

Luleå is situated upon an island, with a magnificent bay, sheltering a large fleet of timber ships. In the centre of the island and occupying a very prominent position, stood the church, while about seven miles up the river lay old Luleå, gradually receding from the sea by the constant upheaving of the land all along this Bothnian coast.

No sooner had our steamer drawn up to the quay than we were most warmly welcomed by a gentleman to whom we had a letter of introduction. We had telegraphed to him from Stockholm, and he had taken rooms for us at the inn.

After paying our bill on board, which was under £1 for us both, for three days, including wine and beer, we bade adieu to our fellow-travellers and stepped ashore, with our traps preceding us on a hand-cart. Five minutes' walk brought us to the central square of the town in which our inn played

a principal part. Here we found every comfort, and rooms nicely furnished. Clean and lady-like Pigas (waiting-maids) waited upon us, and we could scarcely realise that we were in the same latitude as Iceland!

We soon experienced the advantage of our previous study of the Swedish language, as the charming Pigas had not the slightest knowledge of any other tongue but their own. We had lost no opportunity of practising our conversation with the passengers, always carrying about the little Swedish and English dictionaries we had bought in Stockholm. Unfortunately, there were so many English words that we had never heard of, and certainly should *never want*, and so many Swedish words corresponding to every English one, that it was mighty difficult to fix upon the right one, and in this way we came to grief occasionally. For instance: on board the "Volontaire" were two Swedish young ladies, one of whom was a very good sailor and the other very bad. I was sitting at dinner next to the good sailor, and, wishing to do the civil, I drew out my dictionary and looked for the word "ill," then, turning round, said in my best

Swedish, "I hope your sister is not very ill?" I saw she looked much disconcerted, while the rest of the table were convulsed with laughter, which puzzled me not a little, until my friend, the Professor, said, in English, "You have been saying to that young lady that you hope that her sister is not very *wicked.*"

Again, I entreated one of these Luleå Pigas to bring me another *plate;* but a second time I had chosen the wrong word from my dictionary, and used the one applied to gold and silver plate. She left the room in mute astonishment, throwing up her hands in despair.

Our hotel, like every other house in the town, was built of wood. It could accommodate, at least, thirty travellers; but there is a curious law established which obliges people at the end of three or four days' stay in the hotel to turn out, and make way for fresh arrivals, so that should you prolong your residence beyond that time, you run the risk of receiving a notice to quit from the first traveller who may take a fancy to your room, finding no suitable accommodation elsewhere. He has a perfect right to do this,

and, of course, would not scruple in asserting it, which might prove inconvenient.

Luleå is built upon an island of drift sand brought down by the Luleå river. It contains 2000 inhabitants; but has neither prison, policeman, magistrate, nor soldier. The people are so well behaved that none of these institutions are necessary. Thieving is an offence unheard of; and, on leaving your house, the door-key is hung on a peg outside, to show all comers that you are not at home.—I pause, to allow this wonderful fact to sink into the minds of my readers.

There are several good houses in the town; many of the merchants are wealthy men, and the manager of the great Gellivara Company resides here. The shops, which make no appearance outside, are more like stores, where goods of all kinds can be purchased.

Every house has a tall ladder leaning against it, and also one over the roof, for escape in case of fire.

The roofs are made of wooden tiles, or, more frequently, of birch-bark, laid on in strips, and then young fir-poles, about twenty feet long, laid close to each other, are fastened over all. The more pre-

tentious houses have an outer coating of plaster upon the smoothed logs of wood; the interstices between being well crammed with moss.

Luleå is important enough to possess a large town-hall, governor's residence, and church, which is in no way remarkable. The interior is fitted up in the usual Lutheran style, with white-washed walls, and sittings for six hundred people. A funeral had just taken place as we entered, and the body, instead of being laid in the grave when the ceremony was over, was taken to a small shed, with a grated wooden door, through which you might see the coffin lying upon trestles. I suppose this was to prevent the possibility of a living interment, although a less elaborate arrangement than the one we saw in Munich, when, in visiting their beautiful cemetery, we came upon a large horse-shoe shaped building, the sides opposite to us of glass, and found ourselves all at once face to face with the dead. It was divided into two compartments, one for the rich and the other for the poor.

At a glance, we were able to see the havoc the last enemy had made during the week.

The churchyard at Luleå had a decidedly neglected appearance,—graves with their mounds hardly perceptible, and the wooden crosses lying upon the ground or rotting away; the sandy paths were covered with skulls and bones of all kinds, which crunched and crackled under your feet as you walked along. They had, however, great difficulties to overcome, the whole island being nothing but shifting sand, which is driven about by every wind.

All the monuments were either of wood or iron, generally with a simple announcement of birth and death. The following is a copy of one :—

JOHANN NEILSON,

FÖD 21ST AUGUST, 1851,

DÖD 1ST MAY, 1868.

At any rate no one can apply to these the well-known saying, that epitaphs describe not "what men were, but what they ought to have been."

The next day, June 17th, was very hot; and I noticed a small ash in the churchyard which, yes-

terday was a bare tree and to-day is covered with opening buds, giving quite a greenish tinge to the whole surface. In the garden of our hotel flourished several bushes and plants, principally gooseberry trees and roses. The former are very small when ripe, and the rose belongs to the mountain variety. But every window you see is filled with all kinds of flowers. Beautiful carnations, fuchsias, and even geraniums in the most humble cottage.

We spent this day in making up the deficiencies of our kit. Shot, or "lead hail" as they call it, for the fowling-piece, and a small keg of brandy, which I had fitted up with a handle, so as to carry it easily. Spirits are forbidden to be sold out of the town, but travellers are allowed to take a small supply for their own use. Any one in Lapland who wishes to get drunk must come hundreds of miles to do so, and though many drunken men might be seen in Luleå, we never met *one* the whole time we were up the country.

We also purchased a bottle of snuff. The Swedes are very fond of it. You will see a boatman stop

rowing, pull out a large snuff-box, and fill the little spoon with which it is provided once, or even twice, emptying the contents, each time, with a grunt of satisfaction, into his mouth.

We made the acquaintance of the manager of the new Gellivara Company, an English gentleman who has the sole charge of their numerous estates and mines. He showed us every civility in his power, and we were much indebted to him for the advice and assistance he gave us.

I must say we had certain misgivings about ever reaching Quickjock. The Stockholm folk turned up their eyes in mute astonishment when we told them our destination; and here they say, that not more than two or three travellers make their way up in the course of each year, and no foreign lady has ever attempted it.

However, we were determined to press on, and the only difficulties we met with were caused by our not sending a "forbud" (or messenger) in advance to prepare the natives for our arrival. Experience made us do this on our return journey, when all went as smoothly as possible.

The little steamer which plies up the Luleå river leaves every Tuesday and Friday, and we were not sorry that our stay here was drawing to a close. We were well rested, and everything ready for a start.

Our friend, the bachelor Professor from Upsala, had to remain and inspect the government schools; so we bade him adieu, wondering if we were indeed the "wild geese" which the Norwegians call us. They have a saying, that "The English travellers are wild geese; they only come in the summer, we pluck them, and they fly away again." Such is our flattering appellation, according to the Professor's account. He was a very entertaining companion, and this old and learned *Philosophe* still carried in his pocket-book the lists of the dances, and the supper *cartes* of the numerous balls given in Stockholm during the past winter. He showed them to us as great treasures, but for a man of his age it seemed rather a mournful exhibition.

CHAPTER IV.

The "Gellivara."—We start up the Country.—The great Lulea River.—A Forest Drive through the Sand.—Edefors, our first Mosquito.—Our Bond Street Anti-Mosquito Preservative.—The Flyflap.—Our first Canoe Journey.—Storbacken and the good-natured Settler.—An up-hill Road behind a Lapp Pony.—A burnt Forest.—We drive over the Arctic Circle with difficulty.—Mattissudden and its Cat.

At eight o'clock the next morning the sun was shining brightly as we left Luleå, and our steamer—the "Gellivara," belonging to that Company,—let go from the wharf, and paddled along up-stream at a steady pace. There was a great rush of water down, which helped us over the shoals, although it impeded our progress.

She was a comfortable little boat, with an obliging captain, who spoke English well—a great comfort. The salmon were just arriving at the mouth of the river; but there was too much snow water for them to go further up as yet. We passed innumerable

stake nets, stretching in several places quite across, with only sufficient opening to allow of a ship going through, so the unfortunate fish have little chance of escape.

We had a goodly number of passengers on board. For three hours we steamed along the high, sandy banks. The scenery flat and uninteresting, but gradually improving as we reached the end of this part of our journey. Numerous villages lined the sides of the river; the latter averaged half a mile in breadth for a good distance, and then suddenly narrowed near the wooden pier of Röbacken, where we pulled up, unable to get any higher in consequence of some rather extensive falls. Here we all disembarked, and mounted a wooden staircase some fifty feet high. Conveyances were waiting to take us to the top of the Fall, seven miles off; and we were fortunate enough to secure a gig for ourselves, and a cart for our luggage. We took the precaution of carrying the brandy in the *gig*, as the cart had to be left to the care of another individual. These small vehicles are something like the Maltese go-carts; and the ponies are handsome, well-bred little

animals, and, although very small, are worth £14, a goodly sum in these parts!

Mistrusting our powers of driving these unknown Lapp ponies, we allowed the post-boy (girl) to take the reins. She was a strapping young maiden of sweet seventeen, harder than any solid portmanteau; and little thinking of what lay before us, we settled ourselves without the slightest misgiving in her chaise, and started off in grand style.

Our road stretched through a sandy forest; no effort had been made to keep it in repair, and the fearful jolting we had to endure for nearly two hours is quite indescribable. Rut followed rut in quick succession, first on one side, then on the other. Holes, too, of every variety of depth and shape. How our rattletrap hung together without coming to bits, or how we escaped an upset, is still a marvel to me. Holding on for bare life, and growling and shouting to our driver to keep clear of these holes (many of them two feet deep), we rattled on. Not a bit of it! *She* did not feel the painful shocks and concussions which caused our bones to vibrate one against the other, as we toppled in and out of the ruts, ex-

pecting every moment to find ourselves lying in the road.

At last, we were obliged to reduce the pace to a walk. We could bear it no longer, and it was two hours before we reached the scattered village of Hedensfors.

We had been too much occupied looking out for *bumps* to take much notice of the scenery we passed through, except when we crossed a clearing which gave us a fine prospect of never-ending forest, stretching far away in every direction.

Gladly leaving our gig, and paying for the same (only 1*s.* 1*d.* for every seven miles, with perhaps 2*d.* extra drink money for the driver), we stood on a small quay built out into the river, where another steamer was awaiting us. This was a very small screw, and crammed with passengers. I counted sixty young men get out at a station higher up in search of work.

At 3 P.M. we pushed off, and our high pressure engine puffed away at a fine pace against the stream, eight knots an hour. She was only an open boat with a small engine in the centre, and her expenses

for wood for six hours' steaming came to 5*s.* exactly. The river had narrowed a good deal, villages were few and far between, with now and then a saw-mill or furnace for making tar. Rare ducks of different kinds flew close to us, as the noise we made roused them from their feeding grounds, and the banks became more thickly studded with birch and fir, while the clearing of the settlements at intervals showed most beautiful grass of emerald hue.

In two hours we arrived at a place called Svartla, and as the boat was to rest here an hour, we all turned out upon the pier and made our way up-hill (passing two or three inferior farm-houses) to a large white house about a mile off, belonging to the local manager of the Gellivara property. It was really a handsome dwelling, and the view over tree and water most charming.

The manager received us with great cordiality, and after accepting his offer of some delicious milk, we descended by the other side, where the company's large saw-mills are situated. Once more on board, the river became much prettier, with little islets and bays, and shelving, grassy banks, quite like

ornamental water. In the distance, tall firs crowned the summit of every hill; for some miles, instead of being green, they were all grey and dead, in consequence of a terrible fire which had consumed 20,000 acres the previous year.

Leaving a large village called Haras on our right, we stopped at a place on the left where no pier was necessary, as the river bank was so steep that a plank from our deck could reach the landing place.

Here we disembarked the sixty labourers, and a finer set of strong, healthy-looking men I never saw, although they were, without exception, compulsory teetotallers. All their worldly goods they carried in a "Kont," strapped on their backs like a knapsack. A "Kont" is a large, square box made of the bark of the birch-tree, and very light. Owing to the furious winter-storms, many of the trees on the river banks were growing topsy-turvy, their heads hanging down towards the water, others lying in every direction and attitude, looking as if some giant had amused himself by playing ninepins with them.

At ten o'clock in the evening, we arrived, tired and hungry, at our destination, a place called Ede-

fors, consisting of three houses. The largest belonged to one of the head foresters of the Gellivara Company, about the handsomest man I ever met.

We were most kindly received, though quite unexpected; their own bed-room given up to us, and the best food they had was soon made ready.

The situation of this little place was most striking; it lay at the bottom of the second great rapid, and a large volume of water rushed foaming past the little wooded islands, while the distant hills increased the beauty of the scene. It was of little use attempting to fish, as the sudden hot weather had brought down so much melted snow; but some Englishmen who had been here before, had caught large quantities of salmon with the fly, fishing either from the shore or in a boat.

This is the last place for salmon, as they are not able to get up this very long rapid.

We found our small room very hot. The sun shone the whole night. Midnight sun, always on hand, is sometimes a bore!

And we quickly became aware of another grievance. What was that sound? Ping! Ping! Alas!

alas! there could be no mistake! Here was the veritable mosquito, no large English gnat, but the real genuine article.

A 4*s.* 6*d.* bottle of patent preservative from Bond Street was immediately uncorked and smeared over our hands and faces. How I wished I could have seen that bland young shopman here! trusting his smooth and rosy countenance to the protection of his own infallible compound. It might do for Bond Street, but certainly not for Lapland. A fine feast the insects would have had, for like the razors of old, the decoction must have been made only to sell.

Having slain all that were to be seen with my fly-flap, we were obliged to shut the windows and keep them closed to prevent any further invasion.

This fly-flapper is merely a thick piece of leather, the length of your hand, nailed to a flat wooden handle. No insect will escape you after a little practice, and I have found it invaluable in my travels, and never start without it.

As we had no blinds to the windows and the sun would continue to shine, we found it rather difficult

to sleep, so rose early and were well repaid. I was going to say by the sun-rise, but should rather say *sun-turn*, as he coloured each hill-top in succession a roseate hue, and threw long shadows on the rushing river.

We sent a messenger the next day to the top of the rapids, some one and a half mile off, ordering our boatman to be in readiness, and I may as well state here, that your orders are always sure to be punctually attended to—your pay so far exceeding anything they can otherwise earn, that they are only too happy to oblige you. We gave our hospitable landlady 4*s.* 4*d.* for our bed, breakfast, and tea; which is in Lapland the outside charge, and with which they are always more than satisfied; in fact, we received nothing but civility and kindness from all the Swedish settlers of whose services we made use. This is much to their credit, as we were often twenty miles away from any house but their own, and entirely in their power. A good road through the forest again up-hill, led us to the top of the rapids. We walked, and a cart took our traps, and our eyes were gladdened soon after by the arrival of our

boatman and canoe. These boats are very light and very strong, and if you only lie down at the bottom, are as comfortable as an arm-chair. We had now a row before us of twenty miles up-stream, so, first placing in our luggage and arranging the rugs at the bottom, we sat down, with portmanteaus at our backs, and glided along most luxuriously.

The scenery became bolder as we advanced, the wild fowl increased in number, and the sun still continued to shine, making it hard work for our rowers, two young men who pulled capitally; they wore gloves made of reindeer skin, without fingers, to preserve their hands from blistering. I steered with a paddle, keeping close to the shore to avoid the current.

There were very few houses to be seen from the banks, and we seldom met another boat, but when we did, such a talk about the Engelskman man and all his goods!

They have amongst themselves a kind of telegraph, and the news of our coming up the river had preceded us some days,

Rowing for two hours we drew up our boat on a

grassy bank to rest, our lunch consisted of sherry and biscuits, while our men eagerly drank down a liqueur glass of native brandy, smacking their lips, and opening and shutting their eyes at the same time.

Another long pull of one and a half hour, landed us at our destination, a place called Storbacken, a small farmhouse at the junction of the Great and Little Luleå rivers: we were now going to change our course and follow the Little Luleå, but the constant succession of rapids causes such obstruction to navigation, that a road has been made all the way to Jockmock, some thirty-five miles.

We paid our boatmen the usual fare, 1*s.* 1*d.* for seven miles, so they received 6*s.* 6*d.* between them for the twenty-one miles.

Following the young men who carried our things up to the house, we discovered to our dismay that another couple of native travellers had secured the only pony to be had, the others being far away feeding on the mountains.

Here was a pretty fix! more than ten miles away from our resting place for the night, and not able to

move. Our only means of locomotion lay in the one horse, already fastened to a cart and bespoke by these two settlers, an aged couple who came with us in the steamer the day before, and whom we found out afterwards, were the landlord and landlady of a place called Mattisudden, where we dined and rested next day.

I entreated them in my best Swedish to give us their horse, telling them I would pay them anything they liked; they only shook their heads and answered in the negative.

Again I took out my money bag and tried bribery. Seeing, I suppose, that we were in a great strait, they had a confab together, and at last came to us and said, we might have their horse, but not a farthing would they touch of the money that I offered them.

This was one of the many instances of the disinterested kindness and civility we experienced from the Swedes. The old gentleman was finally persuaded to accept of a drink of brandy, but the lady declined.

Now the next difficulty was the conveyance; my

wife, although much better than when she left home, was certainly not strong enough to be jolted along in a rough cart.

The woman of the house did not seem to understand what I wanted, so I started off on a voyage of discovery, and rummaged about in the numerous barns or sheds, surrounding the farmhouse. My labours were rewarded by finding a gig, (the native word is chaise), which I pulled out in triumph, and to which I harnessed our wretched quadruped.

We packed all the luggage underneath, and with my wife on the top, off we went, the driver and myself walking by the side. I took the reins, expecting every minute that the skeleton pony would collapse.

Oh! the difficulties of that first mile; up-hill all the way of course, and the snow, which had suddenly melted at the beginning of the week, had poured down with such a rush of water, and such fury, as to carry away many of the little bridges, and make ruts across the road often three feet in depth.

How we trembled for our luggage, which jumped up in the air one minute and crashed down again

the next, according as the wheels plunged in and out of the holes.

How often our passenger had to dismount, in the first hour, I cannot say, while we helped the little gig over the pit-falls and carefully led our patient steed. Were it not for the wonderful training of these ponies, serious accidents would be more common, but they pull up like a shot at the accustomed word, and stand still as a statue.

More than once our harness gave way; the reins of old leather or rotten rope broke in two; another time, a shaft would subside, as we were trotting along, and descend suddenly as far as the pony's knees, the whole weight supported by the other side; again a sudden shy at a screaming owl darting out of the forest would place us in the ditch.

All these occurrences would have been sure to produce awkward results with an English pony, but, with these, you have only to utter the magic word Ph-u-r-r-r-r, and at once the animal is motionless.

In Luleå I saw an old lady being run away with down-hill, she was by herself in a gig with a rein in

each hand, vainly endeavouring to stop the brute, as he galloped along with the bit in his mouth. Just as I expected to see her thrown out, she cried, "Phu-r-r-r-r," and he at once came to a dead stop.

The natives use no whip, but make use of the end of the reins instead, which are generally three feet longer than necessary, and with these they can deal blows which are not to be despised. They are, however, very kind to their cattle, and much prefer talking to them.

To make the animal start or go faster, you must make a noise like the drawing of a cork, by almost shutting the lips and sucking in the cheeks. This accomplishment is difficult to acquire, at first.

Our harness was very simple, an iron hoop going over the back, fastened by moveable joints to wooden plates, shaped so as to fit on flat to the shoulder from which were suspended leathern straps, which ran through a small hole in the shaft, and were pinned by a wooden pin to the other side. The great drawback in this arrangement seemed to be, that the shafts were never close to the animal's body, a distance of from four to six inches interven-

ing, so that when he trotted, the vehicle swung to and fro sideways.

We got on better with our journey after the first mile, and we had seen no mosquitoes worth mentioning since we started in the morning; but, as the sun was very hot, and the road sandy, we were glad to catch sight of the next station, a large farmhouse called Vuollerim, five miles from Storbacken. This was a very pretty place, standing some height above the river by the side of a small lake, where the fishing is good, but we had no time to throw a fly, hoping to be soon off again.

The house was surrounded by at least a dozen others, (most of them ornamented with reindeer horns,) to hold the cattle and winter stores, carts, tools, &c.

We drove up and walked in, but there was not a creature to be seen except a girl of the most stupid kind, half Lapp, half Swede.

In vain we cried "Heste, Heste!" feeling almost as if, like him of old, we would have given "a kingdom for a horse." She shook her head and pointed to the mountains.

To our horror we found, that she was the only one at home, men and horses being far away in the forest. In vain we gesticulated and in our best Swedish cried, "Je mo har heste" (I must have a horse): she silently shook her head as before.

We turned to the old lady who had brought us, and told her we would rest an hour and then take on her horse the other stage. She would not hear of it, but declared he was tired, and she would go no further.

All this trouble was caused by our not sending on a forbud to say we were coming.

In despair we bivouacked on the green grass outside, refreshing ourselves with biscuits and sherry, and clear cool water, which we drew from the well, by means of the old-fashioned balanced pole, a bucket at one end and a weight at the other, the water some thirty feet down.

We ate and drank and surveyed our prospects in blank dismay,—they certainly did not look very promising.

I won't say night, but bed-time would apparently

arrive and find us still in this place, where the accommodation was anything but inviting to travellers.

At last four small boys came up to admire us. I called out, "Heste, heste!" they made signs in the negative; but when I produced two of the beautiful bright öres (the ninetieth part of a shilling) fresh from the Royal Mint, and told them they should be theirs, if they would fetch us horses, they understood at once, and ran off, as hard as their little legs could carry them.

Fretting and fuming was of little use, and we could not in fairness grumble at these settlers; for the snow was only just off the ground, their sleighs were yet standing in the yard, waiting to be put away, and their horses turned out to roam at will in the forest to feed themselves after the winter's toil, as most of their heavy work, such as bringing up supplies, is done in the winter.

One hour passed and then another, two hours, and no horse. We stared blankly round again on our tired old woman. No signs of relenting on her stolid countenance. We rummaged the barns and

discovered a gig, put away for the winter;—we dragged it out in triumph, and seemed a step nearer to our start—but the third hour came—and yet no animal!

At last, to our intense delight, we saw in the distance a man coming out of the forest, leading a pony by the bridle!

Quickly we seized hold of the welcome little creature and harnessed him into the gig.

The old woman too gave way, seeing that her poor beast would not now be obliged to drag both us and our luggage. She put him into the cart, and seating herself on the top, we all trotted merrily through the forest. The road much improved, as lying higher, it was more protected from the water.

You could make no mistake as to the way, there was no junction anywhere, and the only offshoots were up to the station houses themselves.

An hour's journey brought us to the comfortable resting place of Payerim. This is not only the prettiest station on the whole route, but the most comfortable,—quite luxurious.

We had a large room with sofas and chairs, and

windows with real blinds. The visitors' house was built on a rising ground, with a charming view in every direction.

At the best stations, the guest-house, as in Norway, is invariably separated from the dwelling-house of the settlers, but in the winter the settlers leave their own abode, and occupy the more luxurious one, devoted to their guests in the summer.

Unfortunately, we found that we could get no meat, as they did not know we were coming; nothing but hens' eggs and pancakes, not even fish, and, of course, no bread.

This was a great disappointment, as to-morrow being Sunday, we hoped to have remained quiet and rested; but seeing we should be all but starved, we were obliged to order horses for the following morning, and lads were at once despatched into the forest to find them.

Before going to bed, I took my rod down to the river close to the house; the stream was rushing by, swollen far above its banks, with that peculiar snow-water look, and icy-cold, most unfavourable for fishing; nevertheless, knowing the depressed state

of our larder, I threw a fly over a tempting eddy, and in half an hour landed four small grayling, half a pound each. They were poor things, and out of season; but we could not afford just then to despise them, so took them home, and had them for breakfast. I heard that the fishing here would be excellent in September.

We started early, so as to reach Jockmock, our next halting place, as soon as possible, that we might, at all events, have a quiet afternoon;—we looked forward to the good accommodation we expected to find at this important place, which was marked like a large town on the maps, and possessed a church and parsonage.

Again a lovely day, as I took the reins in the gig, and our post-boy, a very handsome Swedish maiden, drove the cart behind us. The road, for twenty-one miles, up mountains and down steep declivities, was much better and freer from ruts. For two hours our route lay through that part of the forest which had been burnt the previous summer.

Such a scene of desolation! Half-burnt pines lay scattered in every direction; blackened trunks and

grey shrivelled trees, scorched and killed, but still standing, stretched out their withered arms like ghastly skeletons. Others, consumed nearly to the ground, the shell only, of hollow black bark, remaining, after the fire had eaten out the inside, showing the immense heat which attended this gigantic conflagration. In many places nothing but blackened ground to be seen, and then, again, patches of the most exquisitely coloured mosses and lichens, contrasting strikingly with the dismal face of Nature around.

It is impossible to describe the feeling of loneliness and desolation which the traveller experiences as he traverses these never-ending Lapp forests; the stillness was quite oppressive, as for five hours we drove along and never saw a human being, and scarcely a bird, save a large owl, which startled us not a little, as it darted out from its nest. What night must be, when it is dark, I would rather not try. Yet the sense of enjoyment must not be lost sight of! Here was a new sensation, which no Murray, nor Bædecker had described, and no photographer portrayed.

CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE HOME AND BOUND.

We were reminded now that we were getting north, by the absence of the Scotch fir, whose extreme limit we had just reached; and also by the fact that we were going to drive exactly over the Arctic Circle, which we almost fancied to be marked on the road by a large pine, which had fallen right across it, completely barring our passage. It took several "now-heaves" with the assistance of our sturdy damsel to shove it on one side, and as the barrier was removed, we felt that we had indeed surmounted one obstacle between us and the North Pole!

I forgot to add that the old man and woman who gave up their horse, had procured another, and, making no delay, were now well a-head of us at their own home, preparing our early mid-day meal.

Tired with our twenty-one miles' drive, we were glad enough to see the pretty little station of Matisudden; the name of their farm, which was situated on elevated ground, in fact, an island in the river; it was surrounded by several out houses, ornamented with reindeer horns.

We were only five miles from Jockmock by the

road when, to our horror, our good-looking driver refused to go any further. She said her master had told her the horses would be too tired, and as there were none to be hired at this place, we were obliged to take to the boats, the river being, fortunately, navigable till within a short distance of our destination.

Three young men volunteered as rowers, and, securing a large boat, we packed ourselves and belongings therein, and rowed off after great hand-shaking from our kind friends. Everybody in Sweden shakes you by the hand; and when all are so friendly and courteous, the traveller should never forget to offer his hand at parting, even to the boatmen or driver.

The river was very high, over-flowing the banks in every direction, carrying along with it uprooted trees, which rushed past our frail canoe in a very perilous fashion. In some places the stream was so strong we could scarcely make any way; still we kept on, and drew up at our landing-place in an hour and a half.

Now we saw something new in the transport line.

There were only three men to carry all our luggage up a hill to the town, a mile distant. They had each brought with them a kind of small wooden framework, with ropes attached at each end. I will give a description of the packing of one, for the benefit of my readers.

The travelling bath, which was well filled and no slight weight, was strapped down first upon the board, then the old wooden gun-case, on the top of that. The bearer now sat down himself, with his back to the burden, and putting the ropes over his arms, he tied them across his breast, thus fastening the load like a knapsack. Then rocking himself to and fro three or four times, he gave a grunt and struggled upon his feet. A small wooden box, containing at least ten pound of shot, he tucked under his arm and walked gaily off. The bath alone was as much as I could comfortably lift with both hands.

By this time the other two men were similarly harnessed, and we followed them through the forest up the hill to the town of Jockmock; they arriving there much more quickly than we did, who carried next to nothing. When we reached the inn, our

things were all unpacked, and they were waiting for the 1*s.* 1*d.* they had earned for their trouble. The porter at Dover, who received a shilling for carrying our bundle of rugs and gun-case from the Pier to the Lord Warden, thought himself badly treated.

CHAPTER V.

Jockmock, with its curious Church and funny Houses.—Perilous Crossing over a Bog.—The Falls of the River.—Our first real Lapp.—The Pearl-finder.—We buy Lapp Boots and wear them.—The flooded road.—Indian file through the Forest.—Mosquitoes again.—We cross Lake Parkijaur, and "push for it" on Lake Randijaur.—How our Boatmen left their Bed.—Our Resting-place, and hostess at Bjorkholm.—Niavi (an empty house), its Rapids.—Quickjock at last.

JOCKMOCK was the most curious place we had seen as yet—containing about thirty inhabitants and three hundred houses. The greater number of the latter, mere huts; these were for the accommodation of the Lapps and their reindeer in winter, and were now empty, as the Lapps had gone to the mountains driving their reindeer before them to feed on the summer mosses. Most of these little shanties were of the rudest construction, with nothing but holes for windows, and dotted about in the most promiscuous manner, only a few being arranged in the way of streets, with grassy paths leading up to them.

The town lies on the summit of a hill, commanding beautiful views of the surrounding mountains, and the roar of the great falls of the Luleå river, about a mile off, never ceased.

We made the acquaintance of the pastor, quite a young man, with rather a melancholy cast of countenance; he must lead a lonely life; but he has a good house and a mission-school for the young Lapps, where they are trained and civilized. We delighted him by a present of several Testaments to distribute amongst the poorer Lapps. The church was a picturesque, octagonal building, with belfry and bells detached.

Our inn consisted of three rooms, the kitchen and two bed-rooms opening one into the other, which we occupied; everything scrupulously clean, the floors of all the rooms strewed with young juniper shoots,—very pleasant until your boots are off,—tables and chairs of snowy whiteness. As there was again no meat to be had, we told the landlord to buy us a lamb, which he did, charging us 4*s.* 4*d.* for it.

Hens' eggs were now almost entirely superseded by those of the wild duck. The wily natives set

Chapman & Hall London.

THE PARISH CHURCH JOCKMOCK.

wooden boxes up in the trees by the landing places, for the ducks to appropriate, and the stupid creatures never miss the daily abstraction of their eggs. The species varied in different places.

Here we had only the green eggs of the Golden Eye.

The next morning, June 21st, I was up at 3 A.M. to start for the river where the fish were swarming in every pool, undisturbed since the days of Adam, as these Arctic folk have not yet learnt the use of the rod, and fish only with nets in the smooth lakes and streams. I was told that the trout and grayling here ran up to seven or eight pound; my only fear was the snow water.

The sun had disappeared at last, and gray clouds followed each other in rapid succession, bringing quite a cold wind along with them.

I had no need of a guide, as the roar of the falls could be plainly heard, and I found, as I expected, that there was a footpath from the village, by which I trudged along, through bushes of willow and blaeberries; the latter spring up wherever a clearing has been made in the primæval forest.

All went well for the first ten minutes. As I followed the narrow footpath, strange birds, which I had never seen before, flitted from tree to tree, coming close up to have a good look at the stranger, especially the Lafskrika, which followed me for some distance, with its loud "Ha-ha! Ha-ha!"

My course was, however, soon arrested by a large bog of black-looking mud, and the path stopped suddenly at a place where fir-poles were laid on the morass, about six inches in diameter at one end, and tapering off to four at the other, in length about fifteen feet. These stretched across the bog one hundred and fifty yards.

As I poked my stick into the black compound, it gave way before it, as treacle would; but on pushing the poles, they seemed tolerably steady. Not liking the look of this bridge, as I could not plumb the bottom of the bog when close to its shore, I turned off both right and left to try and get round it; but there was no outlet on either side. The bog only changed its aspect, looking more grassy, and, if possible, more treacherous.

Chapman & Hall—London.

CROSSING THE BOG AT JOCKMOCK.

There was evidently nothing to be done if I would reach my point, but try Blondin in reality.

Fortunately, I espied a balancing-pole lying handy, and with this in my hand, I stepped at once upon the prostrate pines.

For the first few yards there were two together; but I soon preferred the places where there was only one, which was broader and steadier than the couple of smaller ones.

In the centre, my foot slipped! I tried to save myself by striking in the point of my balancing-pole; but this only made the matter worse, as there was no bottom.

I tottered! I struggled! I felt myself disappearing bit by bit in the gulf beneath,—the horrors of suffocation seized hold on me—I saw in imagination the little bubble which would rise to the surface—sole token of my untimely end! I took my last look at the blue sky above——and sank——

No! my dear reader! With one convulsive effort, I recovered my footing, and soon landed safely on the other side.

I breathed once more, and firmly resolved that it

would be a long time before I practised such gymnastics again alone.

I continued my way through the forest, drawing nearer and nearer to the distant thunder of the Falls, and at length reached the rocky bank, from which I had a magnificent view of the rushing water.

The river, at least 200 yards across, swollen by melted snow, rolled along till it reached the brink of the fall; the immense volume of water then poured over in one unbroken mass, increasing in strength and swiftness till it reached the bottom, when, with a deafening roar, it leapt into the air, and then, as if exhausted with its efforts, sank down into a seething mass of creamy foam, the delicate spray ascending in silvery clouds.

Long did I gaze upon this magnificent prospect, which only wanted sunshine to bring out the prismatic colours of the spray, and warm up the moss-covered rocks.

I sought in vain for a place to throw a fly. The water itself was very thick, and risen far above its ordinary height. Coming at last to a place where

the river had broken over its banks, and rushed into the very forest, I was constrained to turn my face homewards; and, by keeping my back to the fall, hit upon the path, and arrived at the village again in safety, never having even put my rod together.

Here we saw our first real Lapp, an old gentleman, clad entirely in reindeer-skin, ornamented with beads, buttons, and silver thread. He was in great glee at having shot a duck, which he carried in his hand. The only gun they have is a kind of pea-rifle; the barrel has an enormous thickness of metal and is very heavy, the stock small and weak.

In the afternoon a peasant arrived with small paper packets containing pearls, which are found in a bivalve, inhabiting a river not far off, called the Pearl river. They look very like the Scotch pearls; I selected twenty of the best, and asked him what he wanted for them; he named a price higher than the wholesale selling price in London, which astonished us not a little, but he would make no abatement, so we could not come to terms.

Being anxious to secure one pearl as a curiosity, I selected a large opaque one, without much lustre, and exchanged it for one of our Lowther Arcade brooches; both parties were perfectly satisfied.

The Swedes are very fond of pearls; and we saw many gentlemen in Stockholm wearing them in their scarf-pins.

We went out shopping in the afternoon, at a store kept by a funny old man; and we purchased from him two pair of Lapp boots, made of reindeer-skin, with large flat soles, turned up to a point at the toe. Gent's, 8*s.*; ladies', 4*s.*

Before wearing them they must be placed for some time in a bucket of water to soften the leather, then half-filled with dried grass, and tied under the knee with a leathern strap. Nothing can exceed the comfort of these boots. For stepping over boggy ground, or scrambling over rocks, they are invaluable, preventing your slipping, and when well greased they are nearly waterproof. We found them of the greatest use, and wore nothing else.

Continued our arrangements for the morrow by sending on two messengers to order boats at different

lakes; we had only five miles more of road, and then nothing but water and footpath.

One forbud was a man who received 4*d.* for walking fifteen or twenty miles; and the other, a woman, had 8*d.* for perhaps as much again.

The evening closed in dull and windy; not a pleasant prospect for us on the morrow, as we had forty miles to travel, before we could reach a place which offered sufficient accommodation for us to pass the night.

The following day, up at 5 A.M., and packed our goods on the gigs and carts provided to take us to the end of the road to Lake Vaikijaur; it was a dull, gusty morning,—wind very cold.

Our landlord was an obliging, cheery fellow: our bill for two days and night, 2*s.* 2*d.*;—moderate for Lapland.

Our cavalcade consisted of four men, as well as our post-boy; the men were to row in their boats across the first lake.

We went along easily enough for the first two miles, when, to our horror, we found the river had swollen so considerably, that it had flooded the road

to a depth of four feet. So we halted; everything was unpacked, and we were obliged to get out, sending on the empty vehicles and their drivers.

The gig took the lead, made a dash at the flood, and for some distance the man who was standing inside driving did not get his feet wet; but in the very middle, where a small bridge covering the ditch had evidently floated away, down went the gig, sticking fast in the hole.

In vain the man yelled and shouted, and in vain we all joined in trying to encourage the pony to extricate himself; but it was too much for the plucky little animal, whose efforts became weaker and weaker. What was to be done?

The driver, in despair, jumped into the water, up to his arms, and tugged away at both gig and pony with such success, that in a few minutes they were standing dripping on the other side.

The cart had to go through pretty much the same process; and we were compelled to walk some distance, over marsh and moss, to escape the inundation.

This detention gave our men a great deal of

THE FLOOD INVADES THE ROAD TO LAKE VANDIJAUR.

trouble: two of them were wet through; all the baggage had to be carried round some distance and re-packed; yet they were most good-natured and obliging, doing all they could for our comfort, and only laughing at the calamity.

How different would have been the conduct of a similar quartette at home!

At last we were once more *en route*, and reached the borders of the first lake, Vaikijaur.

A cold and piercing wind, added to the dull grey shadows reflected from the clouds upon the troubled water, made the prospect before us as uninviting as could well be imagined.

We packed the luggage in one canoe and ourselves in the other, and our two boats shot out boldly into the rough and troubled waters; they were many feet above their usual height, and owing to the extreme narrowness of the lake in many places, the current was remarkably strong. One part in particular, we only gained inch by inch, putting one in mind of the struggle under old Rochester Bridge in former days. Our heavier laden luggage-boat was not so successful as we were, and making no way round this

point, one of the rowers landed and hauled her round by main force, the other poling to keep her off the bank. In fact, the lake upon which we were now ploughing our way, was nearly double its ordinary size, and the stream and a breeze on our bow, helped to ruffle the water into white horses.

The men pulled heartily, and after dashing and splashing through currents and waves for two hours, brought us in safety to the head of the lake.

Here we disembarked, gave out a little grog, and hauled up our boats. In ten minutes more our traps were fastened on the backs of the four sturdy rowers, and they led the way in Indian file along a footpath through the forest.

The mosquitoes troubled us a good deal, although we wore our veils. It was a continual fight with them the whole way, and our hats and nets were stained with blood. Several thin ones crawled through the meshes of the veils, although the maker had warranted them small enough. Unfortunately, we were seldom aware of the fact until the mischief was done; and, in spite of the precaution of stopping now and then for an examination to see if any

had effected an entrance, we suffered considerably. Some of them actually made their way through a tiny hole in the crown of my hat, which had been punched for ventilation, and several bumps on the top of my head testified to the rapacity of these little wretches.

There was nothing remarkable in our forest walk, except the same utter desolation and oppressive stillness which we had met with before. Dead and dying trees were lying and falling in every direction, while mosses and lichens, from a dark purple to the brightest vermilion, covered the ground.

The footpath was pretty good and easily discernible, and the poles over the bogs and marshes we had to cross were flat, instead of round, and tolerably steady.

At the end of the two miles, we found ourselves at the bottom of the next lake Parkijaur. Here was our faithful lady-forbud waiting for us with two boats, one of which she rowed herself with the assistance of another woman, and an old man and a girl of sixteen (whom she summoned from an island on the lake) took charge of the second.

It was a two hours' row across this lake. On landing, the women shouldered our luggage with as much ease as the men, and this time we had two and a half miles to walk before reaching the next lake. We quite pitied the poor girls being turned into such beasts of burden; but I fancy our pity was wasted. They seemed to consider it rather a good joke than otherwise, and their merry, good-natured faces, as they loaded each other with our heavy baggage, were quite refreshing to behold.

Although all these lakes are joined together by the river running through them, we are obliged to walk to escape the rapids and falls between.

Lake Randijaur opened out broad and angry looking. It is the most dangerous of them all, as in consequence of its breadth you cannot keep close in to the land; and again, the squalls from the surrounding mountains are more sudden and uncertain than on the others. One small house stood on its bank, in which lived a fisherman and his family, who were now to have the honour of pulling us across.

The wind freshened with a chopping sea, and the

dark and heavy clouds were chasing along the sky in a most threatening manner.

Our boat had a man at one end, and a pair of boys at the other, twelve or thirteen years old. Two boys are paid and reckon as one man, reversing the old saying that "one boy is a boy, two boys is half a boy, and three boys is ne'er a boy at all."

In the luggage-boat came the same two women again, glad to earn a double fare.

The hills around give the same appearance to the scenery as on the two last lakes. For the first hour we kept under the land and got on pretty well, but after that we were obliged to cross a large bay, and the sleety rain, with a cold driving wind across our bows, made our progress rough and slow.

We gave the men some brandy, and showed the two boys some coin from the Royal Mint, promising them each a penny for themselves to make extra exertions. With these bribes, and some assistance from myself, we just escaped a storm, which we had watched creeping up after us with no small anxiety.

A most beautiful cascade met our view as we landed at our destination.

The water rushed down between small islands from the upper lake (close at hand) boiling and hissing through enormous rocks with savage grandeur.

A small hut stood at a little distance, and tired and cold with our long day's journey, we had visions of halting here for the night; but on a little nearer investigation, we soon saw that such a proceeding would be most undesirable.

We knocked at the door, pulled up the latch, and entered. Here was a family scene!

In the dirtiest room we had yet met with, stood a still dirtier old woman, making coffee. Her husband, an old man of seventy, sat on one side, while a hideous deformed little Lapp (whether man or woman it was difficult to say), squatted on the floor on the other, in full costume, consisting of high-peaked, blue cloth cap and reindeer-skin dress, ornamented with beads and spangles. Her face was brown as a berry, long lanky black hair streamed down her cheeks, and, staring at you with the wickedest little bead-black eyes, she begged for "Penge" (money). Two young men, half-dressed,

INTERIOR OF THE LAPP HUT AT PARKIJAUR.

were snoring in one bed, and two boys in the opposite ditto, covered with a few reindeer-skins.

Our entrance only caused the sleepers to give one look and then snore away again.

The lady of the house offered coffee, and though everything looked so dirty we scarcely fancied drinking anything out of such a hovel, we could not afford to be particular, and accepted her offer, which put her in a perfect ecstasy of delight.

Quickly she scuttled off to the well for water, and filling her kettle set to work to roast fresh coffee.

The old man got up and tried to rouse the sleepers, when we explained to him that we wanted boats and rowers immediately.

Leaving him to arrange matters, we went out to take a look at this pretty place, and returning in a quarter of an hour expected to find them preparing the boats which lay two or three hundred yards off —but no! there was not the slightest change in the position of the occupants of the beds; and, after drinking our coffee out of the one cup they possessed, we began to be impatient and to storm at

the young men, trying even to pull them out of bed, —but they would not move.

The father, who protested great love for the English, and turned out the biggest rascal we had come across, was as anxious as we were that his sons should get up and row us; but not a bit of it! He told us that they had been out three days and three nights on the Fells and were thoroughly exhausted. What was to be done, we could not think. It was getting serious—we certainly could not sleep in this dreadful hole, and there was no other shelter near.

Money had no power: though I showed the almighty dollars to the weary slumberers (they had surely never been in America) they turned away with a grunt.

Then, oh, happy thought, I recollected the *brandy*, and, bringing my keg to the bedside, I tapped it and offered them a glass if they would get up. This was quite another thing. They yawned, stretched their limbs, and stood upon the floor. Poor fellows! we then saw how ill and fagged they looked, though they were splendid specimens of the human race.

Pouring a glass of the fiery compound down their throats, they put on their coats and followed us like sleepy dogs; but in a few moments were rowing us like heroes.

It was now getting on for 7 P.M., and a pleasant pull of an hour brought us to the top of Lake Parkijaur, where we saw the snow-capped hills for the first time, rising up in the distance, at the foot of which our journey was to terminate.

Another walk, and a very rough one too, brought us in half an hour to Lake Skalka, and then, a mile away on a small island lay our resting-place for the night.

Leaving two men to bring the luggage, the third rower and myself soon pulled the canoe across to the welcome little island of Bjorkholm, where we were most hospitably received by the little Lapp hostess, who was delighted at our arrival.

In two minutes she made us a splendid fire of pine logs in the capacious stone fireplace.

The wood crackled and roared up the chimney, causing so great a heat that we could not stand within many yards of it. We dried ourselves and

our wraps, and were glad to be at last under shelter, for the rain began to fall in earnest.

It was just 9 P.M., and we considered that we had made out our long journey of fourteen hours most satisfactorily.

The settlement of Bjorkholm was a very small one, two or three houses and a few barns, sheds, &c. The inhabitants support themselves as usual by fishing in summer, and by the reindeer in winter. Not a tree or shrub was upon the island, nothing but grass.

Our hostess, such a funny, goodnatured creature, was most active in our behalf. Puffing and blowing at every step, she nearly worked her legs off trotting about to prepare us something to eat and otherwise make us comfortable.

She was not more than four feet high, and looked like a little witch as she bustled about the room, hunting up all her possessions for our use.

At one moment she was mounted on the dresser, searching for forks and spoons; at another, almost buried in a deep box, diving for sheets and table-cloth. Crockery was decidedly scarce, and a china slop-basin with a wreath of prettily painted little

flowers round the margin (quite Worcester-like in its appearance) had a hard time of it.

It was first presented to us for the purpose of washing our hands, and then reproduced at supper filled with chocolate. In the morning it again appeared as our joint washing-basin.

The little Lapp succeeded in giving us quite an excellent repast. Hot kippered salmon, pancakes, dried reindeer, eggs, &c.

The beds were very comfortable, the mattresses of hay, with the whitest of sheets.

Though our good hostess and family seemed very poor, we saw relics of former grandeur in the silver spoons, tea-pot, goblet and cream-jug.

We purchased from her an antique sugar-spoon of great beauty, quite a gem in its way.

The windows of these log-huts are not made to open, so we drew out the damper of the chimney which gave us plenty of fresh air.

We did not start till eleven o'clock the next morning, as our journey was to be a short and easy one;—no walking and no changing of boats.

Our bill was 2*s.* 4*d.*; and we took but *one* boat

this time (instead of two) and four rowers, our hostess accompanying us, making one of the four. She wore a clean white flannel shirt with a scarlet handkerchief over her head, and rowed as well as any man.

We went a good pace, considering there was a slight stream against us; and after a pull of three hours found we had accomplished twenty-one miles of this long Lake Skalka, so we landed at a small place called Tjomatis, to rest an hour.

The rowers flung themselves flat on their backs on the ground, and we bought some birds' eggs which an urchin brought for our inspection.

They were common enough, but we took a few to please him, and he was delighted with the 4½*d.* he received in return.

Two hours and a half more (a very pretty row), and we reached our new resting-place, Niavi.

It had quite a grand and imposing look from the boat; but alas! we discovered that nearly all the inhabitants had just left for Quickjock, to enjoy the festivities of St. John's Day on the morrow, and only a Lapp girl and old woman remained behind.

Everything was locked up. No sheets even to be

had. The girl was so flabbergasted at her responsible situation—sole recipient of the distinguished English guests who come perhaps but once in a lifetime—that she could do nothing but wring her hands and stare.

We lit the fire for ourselves, and broiled the remainder of the lamb-bone we had brought from Jockmock, on a broomstick: it seemed the most delicious broil we had ever tasted! doubtless the mode of cooking added piquancy to the flavour!

The rapids here are famous for their fish, but there was too much snow-water at present to make it worth trying.

As the owners had taken away their boats with them, our men were obliged to get our large boat up the rapids by hauling and poling. The river being very full assisted their efforts, though it must have been hard work by the look of it.

We slept on mattresses made of cow-hides, very soft and comfortable.

There was but one lake between us and Quickjock—the lake Saggat; and early the next morning we shouldered our goods, and walked for twenty minutes

on a rough and rocky forest-path to its shores, where we again embarked. Here came a nervous bit of journey, for the heavily-laden boat had to be pulled and poled up a rapid, making its way through rocks and stones, the water so shallow, that we continually grazed their surface—a most unpleasant sensation!

Every minute we expected to be dashed to pieces upon some all but hidden rock; and the exciting shouts of the man who steered with a pole, added to the frantic efforts of our crew to drive us against a tremendous current, kept us on the *qui vive* until we were happily relieved by finding ourselves in smooth water, and continuing our northward course.

It was much warmer to-day, and the scenery magnificent,—more like Norway, and yet very different. Splendid crags, with huge boulders beneath, overhung the water. Snowy mountains towered a-head. We were 2000 feet above the Gulf of Bothnia, and patches of snow lay yet unmelted close to the bank.

We had reached the northern limit of the birch, which might still be seen, though very much stunted, and the pines were none of them above thirty feet

in height. Our twenty miles' row, including a stoppage of half an hour, was completed in five hours, —longer than usual, but the rowers were tired with their exertions on the previous day.

At the head of the lake, a natural canal—about a mile long, with a gentle stream through it—cuts off the river journey, and runs almost up to the village of Quickjock itself, the banks of which are lined with willows and abound in waterfowl.

The water had risen so much that for some time we could not find the channel. In fact, we lost our way. The men exclaimed that Quickjock had disappeared, as we rowed about for some time without catching a glimpse of the place we were steering for.

At last we hit upon the right turning, and a ten minutes' smart pull up the canal brought us in sight of the long-looked-for Quickjock! the goal of three weeks' travel. Our aim and object at last accomplished, we felt inclined to shout a loud hurrah!

CHAPTER VI.

Our hearty reception at Quickjock.—The Pastor's House.—Magnificent Scenery.—St. John's Day.—Birds' Eggs.—Washing for Gold.—Preparations for the Mosquitoes.—Lapp Dogs.—Up the Fells on to the Mountains.—Waldi Spiket.—Sending Forbud.—The Ants and their Nests.—Snipe shooting.—The Pastor writes a Letter in English.—Fishing at the Falls.—We leave Quickjock with regret.

LET me describe to my readers the picturesque and important town of Quickjock, consisting of four houses and a church.

Picture to yourself two Swiss valleys, united together at the head of a lake. The low ground covered with small birch and willow, of the same exquisitely vivid green we remarked before, a beautiful contrast to the dark forest of pine which rises immediately above it. The trees, already diminutive at the base, become more and more stunted as they approach the summit. Where the forest ceases, the shrubby willows, not more than two feet high, commence; and then we find a region where little is

Chapman & Hall London

VIEW FROM QUICKJOCK, LOOKING NORTHWARDS.

to be seen but mosses and lichens, close to the great Fell range running up to the Norwegian frontier; and, crowning all, a magnificent background of eternal snow. The village itself, with about thirty wooden houses (if we include barns and outhouses), all coloured bright red, stands on a grassy slope reaching to the water's edge. The tiny church, also of red wood, is seen on an isolated hillock beyond. Two rivers help to form the lake; the first flows down one valley in quiet grandeur, while the second bursts over immense masses of granite in hurried fury, making three falls of excessive beauty, the roar of which can be heard for miles. Add to all this a clearness of atmosphere peculiar only to the Arctic Circle, and a dryness which never allows of a fog, and this is Quickjock!

As our large boat neared the village, we could see that our arrival had been discovered, and was causing no small stir among the little black and brown figures who were running across the green, and then gathering together in knots of two and three, speculating in wonder on the coming strangers.

Every doorway was occupied by somebody; and

yet, when we pulled ashore at the little landing-place, not one came down to meet us, but waited patiently while we wound our way up the little foot-path to the pastor's house.

Even on arriving there, they still kept at a respectful distance, awed, no doubt, by the appearance of the first foreign lady they had ever seen.

It was scarcely necessary for our boatmen to explain which was the Parsonage, for at the bottom of the little wooden steps, stood the worthy pastor himself, with his family around him, ready to welcome us.

There was a guest-house or inn a few hundred yards off, and not a bad one either; but having heard of the superiority of the Parsonage, and the kindness of its owner, nephew of the great Lapp botanist Lœstadius, we thought it better to throw ourselves upon his hospitality and ask him if he could give us rooms in his house? He shook hands in the most friendly manner, and expressed his willingness to receive us, showing the way into the sitting-room.

It was a long, well-furnished apartment, windows

on three sides; one overlooked the water-fall, one the village, and the other the valley; three magnificent views, each one differing entirely from the other. Let me attempt a faint description of each in succession, though I believe there is nothing so difficult and nothing that gives oneself so little satisfaction, as after having exhausted the entire vocabulary of wonder and admiration, one finds how utterly the description has fallen short of the reality.

From the window which overlooked the village, you saw the strong, burly, handsome Swedish settler, also the ugly, pigmy Lapp, whose prominent cheek-bones, bullety head, flattened nose, and low forehead distinguish him at once from the Swede. Many of the pastor's servants were Lapps, brought up from children in the schools and trained to work.

The little church and detached belfry (as usual) peers over the tops of the few scattered houses, the latter surrounded by their little gardens in which the spring crops were just peeping above the ground.

At the opposite window, you see the magnificent falls of the Kamajock River, within a stone's throw

of the house. Huge rocks of red granite rise up as if to bar the passage of the rushing waters to the tranquil scene below.

The valley stretches away into the distance, blocked by the great perpendicular cliffs of the Waldi Spiket mountain, four thousand feet high, and beyond all, peaks and peaks of perpetual snow.

From the window overlooking the valley, you saw the lake at your feet, the village boats drawn up on the banks, and the fishing-nets hanging on poles to dry. On the marsh beyond were cattle feeding, well-formed, straight-backed little animals, giving unequalled milk. Again, the view is bounded by a range of snow-capped mountains.

We saw the place to-day in its gayest aspect, for it being St. John's Day, a goodly number of settlers and Lapps had come from all parts to attend the service in the little church.

This is their great Festival. They commemorate the arrival of summer, and keep it more strictly than Sunday.

There was again no meat to be had, so we were obliged to have recourse to our preserved meats, and

with the addition of the pastor's odds and ends, we made a good "Mat" as a meal is called here.

A comfortable little bed-room, over our sitting-room, was also assigned to us, and a capital night's rest refreshed the weary travellers.

When we looked again on the magnificent prospect, we felt that we were indeed rewarded for all the inconveniences we had met with on the way, and which we should have escaped in more civilized regions.

Here, the champagne air of the north invigorates the system and *ozonifies* the spirits. The enjoyment too, is increased by the fact that there were not a hundred individuals within one hundred miles of us, and each one was anxious and willing to make our visit pleasant, without expecting "drinkgeld."

We were waited upon by the pastor's sister and daughter, perfect ladies, who vied in their endeavours to promote our comfort.

The pastor had, at least, twenty mouths to supply each day with food, and every morning, two boats (one manned by Swedes and the other by Lapps) set off with their nets to the Lake for the day's supply. They would return about 11 A.M. with a large

quantity of fish; but it was never too large for the consumers, who would each of them eat six pounds as easily as one pound if set before them; nothing was ever left for the morrow.

Let us examine the wooden troughs as they come from the boats.

A goodly number of pike, averaging two and three pounds up to six pounds. Several large fish, like roach, three pounds each. A few good-sized grayling, and some few of trout, together with a quantity of small fry, the young of the coarse, white fish.

This comprised their daily food, helped out by plenty of milk and rye-bread. The latter is made in large circular cakes with a hole in the centre, by which they are hung up in hundreds.

The Lapps were very much interested in the foreign lady, but far better behaved than were the Norwegians (when we travelled in Norway), who used to follow her about when alone, and were in many ways obtrusive and disagreeable.

Now, the Lapps scrutinised and admired at a respectful distance; as much astonished and amused as we were with them.

There was a nice little couple we took a great fancy to, and, after much consultation, decided to our satisfaction which was the boy and which the girl. As both men and women have long hair, and

neither whiskers nor beard, and dress alike in high blue cloth billycock hats and reindeer skin coats and leggings, it is almost impossible to distinguish them.

We asked them how old they were, and whether they belonged to the school?

The laugh was against us, when we found the gentleman to be twenty-six, and the lady, his wife, twenty-four, instead of fourteen and twelve as we had settled them to be.

The kitchen, a detached building in case of fire, was the great rendezvous; and here might be seen the cooking operations on our behalf, which were so extensive and wonderful for this out-of-the way spot, that I must give the bill of fare of one of our dinners at Quickjock.

"Fried fish, *i.e.*, the smallest of the small fry cooked like white-bait, and exceedingly like that delicately flavoured individual. Second course:—Lamb steaks and potatoes, the latter, very sweet, about the size of walnuts; they grow no larger here, and in six days we had eaten the whole stock that remained from last year. Then followed pancakes, and preserved wild raspberries, with whipped cream or trifle."

We were not a little surprised at this splendid fare, which continued in the same style during the

whole of our fortnight's stay, varied occasionally by wild duck, dotterel, and snipe. Such was the good-feeling existing between us and our host, that before we left, he had killed for us the fatted calf! An attention which we thoroughly appreciated, although the animal was but little bigger than a large cat.

As the weather was cool, the mosquitoes were few and far between, and only annoyed us when walking in the forest.

Our health was excellent, and the invalid, who had left home three weeks ago, unable to walk a quarter of a mile, could now tramp through the forest for a couple of hours with but little fatigue. We were two hundred miles from a doctor. The Lapps, they say, are never ill, until just before they die, and the one doctor even in Luleå was almost in despair at the want of patients.

The sleighs were yet standing about the houses, the better kind exactly like an old-fashioned double gig, without either wheels or springs; we also saw the snow-shoes, pieces of wood, some ten feet long, turned up at the end, and very narrow, with reindeer thongs, to fasten them to the feet, in the centre.

What a comfort it must be when the long winter comes to an end, and the short days, beginning at 11 A.M., and ending before 2 P.M., are exchanged for those when, whether the sun shines or not, it is never dark!

The potatoes and barley were now making up for lost time, and apparently growing by steam.

This was just the season for birds' eggs, and a great many were brought to us for sale. At first, most preposterous prices were asked, but, on finding we were not over eager to buy, they were reduced to one tenth, a very fair price. We bought a great many, and paid for them either in jewellery or money, whichever was preferred. But after seeing the fascinating powers of the artificial fly over the fish, nothing would satisfy the natives but *flies*.

The brooches and pins which we had brought with us to exchange for eggs, became in such demand, that we were frequently asked to sell them for money, which, of course, we would not do; one day we were much amused by a girl coming with money in her hand to buy a brooch. "She had no *eggs*," she said,

"but would we not part with the jewel for *penge?*" As we assured her that such a thing could not be contemplated for a moment, and, that *eggs* were the only desire of our heart, she retired; and the next morning, a fine young man appeared, with nest and eggs, to secure the coveted ornament, as a present for the fair damsel, to whom he was paying his attentions.

In the winter a good many bears may be seen here, and we purchased a beautiful skin of one which had been shot on the fells opposite the house a few months ago. Even during our stay, we heard that a female bear and two young ones were within a day's march of the village; my informant sorely wanted me to join him in their pursuit, and, had I been alone, I should certainly have done so.

The highest mountain in Sweden is Sulitelma; only thirty miles to the west, on the Norwegian frontier, and forty miles further on, lies the German Ocean.

There is a way across into Norway, known to the natives, which would suit the Alpine Club, from the look of its commencement.

Quickjock lay at such an altitude that an hour's walk up any of the mountains round, would bring one to perpetual snow.

The weather increasing in warmth, the mosquitoes began to arrive. Where they come from, nobody knows. I don't think they bit us much worse than the inhabitants of the place, who detest and groan over them as much as we did. Fortunately, their visitation here is limited to six or seven weeks. Preparations are made for them by covering the tops of the chimneys with sods of earth, to prevent their flying down into the rooms. By never opening the windows *at all*, and the door only for a moment, to shut it again like a rat-trap, we managed to keep our room pretty free of these pests; but, frequently, the entrance of our dinner or tea was heralded by half-a-dozen at least, and we had to set to work and kill them at once before any peace could be expected. Their numbers varied daily with the temperature and wind; on warm close days before rain, they would swarm round you like a hive of bees, while there would scarcely be one to be seen when it was cool and fresh.

The pastor owned a splendid Lapp dog, something like a Scotch coolie, but with shorter legs and longer and thicker hair, altogether a much more powerful build, walking just like a bear.

We admired him so much, that we made inquiries and happily succeeded in procuring a son of his, only six months old, intending to take it home with us. Alas! though it accompanied us two hundred miles on our homeward journey we were forced to leave it behind at last, much to our regret, for we had become quite fond of it and it was a very handsome animal. Although so young, its strength was prodigious, as my wife experienced one day, when it pulled her down in its efforts to bolt away into the forest. These dogs are made use of in the winter to draw small sleighs.

In the evening we took a boat and pulled up the Tarajock river. Here again we discovered a natural canal, running into a small lake. Ducks and flappers were flying about;—old birds keeping well out of shot. We were told that later in the season, when the young ones arrived, large bags could easily be made any day.

The next morning, Sunday, all our little settlement appeared dressed in their best.

The Lapps in their "go-to-meeting" skins and numerous beads and jewels.

The Swedes all in black cloth dress suits.

Even the children wear black swallow-tail coats, and trowsers, and a more comical looking little creature could not well be imagined than a tiny boy of four years old whom we saw airing himself with his back to the fire, his hands under his coat-tails, just like the good old English gentleman all of the olden time.

The church bell gave a pleasant sound as the time drew near for the service to commence, about eleven o'clock.

We were glad of the opportunity of attending a church again, although we should not be able to understand much of the language.

There were seats for about one hundred and fifty people, and in winter they are probably full, but to-day not more than twenty persons (including ourselves) composed the congregation. The women sit on one side, the men on the other.

The service was performed in Swedish, with great decorum and solemnity, though the singing and chanting were of a most doleful and monotonous character. Over the communion table was a very fair oil-painting of our Lord as a child, and over the vestry door an engraving of the King of Sweden. No other ornament. The pastor was dressed in the usual Lutheran style, black silk gown, &c. In his hand he held a very large pocket handkerchief (more like a towel than anything else) one corner was twisted round his forefinger, while the other end trailed after him on the ground, as he walked to and fro from the chancel to the pulpit.

His manner was very impressive, and his sermon, as far as we could judge, worthy of a better congregation, who appeared to take little interest, but to look upon it merely as a thing that must be gone through, and the sooner over the better. All here belong to the State church, but in Sweden Proper a large sect has seceded from the Establishment, and built churches and appointed pastors for themselves.

They are called "Lesender" or "Readers."

We were told that they formed the most earnest and religious part of the nation, holding themselves aloof from the gaieties and follies of the masses. This I should think to be true, as in conversations I afterwards had with two highly educated Swedish gentlemen at different times and in different professions, they both volunteered the statement that some friends of theirs who were "Readers" had more than once spoken to them on religious subjects, warning them of a too great love of this world, and exhorting them to prepare for one that is eternal.

There was only service once a day, and in the afternoon we took a stroll above the waterfall up the Kamajock river. In the distance is the iron mountain of Rutivare.

It was a lovely walk. Numbers of little birds, strangers to us, followed our footsteps, flitting from bough to bough. Scarcely any seemed exactly the same as those at home, except the martins and swallows. The latter abounded at every station, and judging from the numbers of flies and "migs," they could have had little difficulty in procuring sufficient food.

At six o'clock the next morning, I started, with a boy as guide, across the river and up the mountains upon the Fells with the gun. We reached the top of the first mountain in a little over an hour, crossing large fields of snow, soft, and melting fast at the edges, in which we sometimes sank above the knee before finding a firm resting-place for the foot.

In another two hours we had made our way over rocks, mosses, and stones to Waldi Spiket. Its conical peak is quite perpendicular on one side, a precipice of one thousand feet at least. The prospect was magnificent! range after range of snow-clad mountains rising one above the other.

Our village was a mere speck in the distance, and the long, winding lakes looked like silvery snakes gliding down the valley. On our left, only seven miles away, lay Rutivare, the great iron mountain belonging to the Gellivara Company. The ore is said to yield seventy-five per cent. of the best iron. How to get it down to the coast is the difficulty; there is none as to *fuel*, for nearly all the forests belong to them.

In our descent, we passed numerous little rills,

strongly impregnated with iron, showing the abundance of that ore. The sand too, left by the river, had a very auriferous look, and we prospected one day for gold, with a wooden spade tipped with iron, washing in the most approved Australian fashion—not a trace, however, of the precious metal was to be seen.

I had not as good sport as I expected, owing to the ptarmigan being still on their nests, and the hares not yet come up from the lowlands beneath; but we saw willow- and wood-grouse and dotterel, and shot a couple of the latter.

I heard from various reliable sources that on these Fells in September, within two hours' walk of Quickjock, an *ordinary shot* could bag his thirty brace of willow-grouse or ptarmigan, and as many hares as he might wish to have. In the lowlands in front of the village, there would be wild-fowl *ad lib.:* golden eye, widgeon, teal and scaup, velvet duck, &c. Nothing to pay! and no leave to be obtained! An English dog would be a great acquisition, as there are none in these parts who understand the trade.

We were busy in the morning writing little notes

in Swedish to each stopping place all the way down to Luleå to send by the postman to-morrow, although we purposed remaining here another week.

As the post only goes once a month, to-morrow is an eventful day; though I cannot imagine the people here make much use of it, seeing that the stock of stamps was so limited that we bought up every one in the Post Office for our letters. The fact of only being able to correspond with your friends at such distant intervals, tends, I suppose, to not caring to write to them at all. The postage was heavy; but it was well worth the trouble and expense to us, for at every place, boats, men, or horses were always ready in answer to our appeal.

In the afternoon we walked in another direction in the forest. We amused ourselves by pushing down the forest trees, selecting some of the tallest, which, though dead, yet stood upright; we rocked them to and fro with our hands until the roots were thoroughly loosened, and with one grand crash, they fell to the ground. It was a thrilling moment, when these noble old pines tottered and staggered, among their companions, shattering and breaking off many

a branch and bough, or even crushing a weaker brother, in their downward course.

How easy to moralise at such a time, and draw a simile between these Lords of the Forest and the Lords of the Creation, who rarely fall, never to rise again, without dragging down or injuring some poor unfortunate, whose only fault has been proximity from circumstances!

The ants here are of an enormous size, about three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks of fir sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants, well-beaten roads diverge from them in every direction, like the lines of railway from London in Bradshaw's map.

These ants cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges: one day I was jumping over a brook, and brushed with my head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water, in an instant I was covered with ants which were making their way across the bridge which I had disturbed. I quickly threw down my gun and tore off my coat, which was perfectly black with them; after a good shaking I got rid of them, but

had I not at once discovered my situation, I should no doubt have suffered considerably.

In the evening I shot some snipe; they are very difficult to manage without a dog, as they fall into the bogs and marshes, where it is next to impossible to recover them. Many an exciting chase have I had; tucking up my trowsers, and plunging knee-deep in the sinking morass, laying poles over the worst places, I have pursued these poor little wretches (when I had had the misfortune to wound and not to kill) from tuft to tuft of treacherous moss, until fairly brought to a standstill by an impassable gulf of water.

I found my Lapp boots particularly pleasant in boggy ground, keeping the feet dry, and preventing one from slipping off the grassy little hillocks, standing above the water.

Thick, warm weather again to-night brought mosquitoes in thousands everywhere; and every cranny in the house was stopped up again to prevent their entrance.

Having now been here a week, I wrote a note to the pastor in my best Swedish, enclosing bank notes

for 27*s.*, for six days' board and lodging, and asking permission to remain another week. He (not to be outdone) borrowed our dictionary, and, although entirely unacquainted with English, concocted the following polite answer :—

"MASTER CAPTAIN!

"Much thanks for generous paiment. Master and mistress fain may to be here than one week!

"With humility,

"L. LÆSTADIUS."

We thought it did him immense credit, feeling sure we should scarcely have acquitted ourselves so well, without any previous knowledge of the language, and only the dictionary as a helper.

The snow water is at last beginning to abate, but it still feels bitterly cold to the hand; no use trying to fish yet,—and besides, there is a high, bleak wind. The natives say they are having a cold summer. All the better for us, as there are fewer "migs," as they call the mosquitoes.

Our exploring walks in the forests were very interesting; we were sure in every direction to meet

with strange sights and birds; the latter perch on the very top of the pines, and whistle to you as you pass by. They have no fear of man, and their confidence is quite touching; though frightened for a moment at the report of your gun, they only fly off a few yards, and then quickly return to the same spot, and chirp and twitter as before.

We were rather too early in the season for the butterflies, which were only just beginning to appear.

To-day, Sunday, very cold. Went to church, actually in a snow-storm; it did not lie in the valley, but the Fells were tinged with white; we felt truly in the Arctic regions—our latitude is 67°, as near as possible. Only twelve people at church; came back and enjoyed a blazing log fire. The pine logs roar, and crackle, and spit out sparks all over the floor, burning large holes as big as a walnut. In front of every one of these unprotected fireplaces the boards are scorched for yards round. It is a wonder that fires are not more frequent; but the oldest inhabitant in Luleå could scarcely remember one.

The terrible devastation these calamities cause when they do occur we were yet to see.

Cleared up in the evening, and the sun came out fully at 11 P.M.

The next morning was bright and beautiful, and very hot; 25° warmer than yesterday.

Took a walk up one of the Fells on the opposite side to our last trip, and reached the summit in about three hours,—standing on the top of a large rock, with a wonderful panorama below.

The scene had changed since my last climb on the mountains. Much snow was gone, the brown Fells were springing into green life, and again there was that indescribable solitude, and the feeling of the utter insignificance of man, peculiar to such a scene.

The day being clear, we saw all the mountains round, with range after range of snowy peaks stretching away into the distance.

In the afternoon went to look at the bottom of the waterfall, which was within a stone's throw of the house; found the water lower, and not quite so cold; so went back for my trout rod, and put on a

coachman and palmer, during which operation I was attentively watched by a brace of little Lapps, who could not make out what I was about. Throwing the flies over the ripple of the pool, where the foam ended, just to satisfy myself that the water would not yet suit, what was my astonishment to feel a rise at the coachman, and a turn of the wrist held something fast.

My anxiety was very great to land my first fish, and see what he was like; and in a few minutes a 2lb. grayling, in splendid condition, lay dead upon the stones.

My two Lapp friends rushed off to the village with the wonderful intelligence; and soon, all the available members of our community lined the banks of the stream. Grayling succeeded grayling at the same spot, then came a trout or two, till my arm almost gave in, as it was its first real day this year with the rod. Sometimes two on at the same time; and in a few hours about forty fish were lying at my feet, varying from ½lb. to 3lb. in weight,—the average, I should say, 1¾lb. each. The natives were highly delighted, as they could never catch so many

trout and grayling in their boats; and besides, they came from a place where they could not fish themselves, having only nets.

I now saw quite plainly that if our expedition was intended as a sporting one, fishing and shooting being the main object, we were much too soon. Had we arrived early in September, instead of July, the frosty nights would have killed the mosquitoes, the water would have been freer from floods and snow, and the young birds well on the wing. I should think there could not be a more delightful place for the sportsman in the autumn,—a place where, at the same time, he could be so comfortable, and have such good sport, at so small a cost.

Alas! the next day we had to pack up for our journey back again on the morrow.

This is the worst of sending so many forbuds; come what will, you must start the day you fix.

It was dull and rainy; and when I went to fish at the falls, the mosquitoes were unbearable,—in swarms, almost darkening the air; while throwing the fly, they would crawl up one's wrist, where any bit of skin was exposed, and cause terrible irrita-

tion, while the thin ones crept through the network of the veil. Their favourite feeding-ground was just under the rim of the hat, so that at last the head all round was so swollen, that the hat would not go properly on.

Our stay had now lasted a fortnight, in this romantic and interesting village; and, barring the mosquitoes, there was nothing that we did not feel sorry to leave. Our hospitable host and his family—ever ready to do all they could for our comfort, the friendly little Lapps, and the settlers themselves, were all well known to us now; and we rose with heavy hearts on the following morning, to turn our faces once more towards the sunny south.

It had rained hard all the night, and was raining heavily still, at breakfast time; but, having lasted so long, we expected it soon to clear, though the barometer was very low. At 3 P.M. still a steady down-pour! no signs of a change! We began to get rather uneasy, for, if we started a day late, we should have to throw two days' journey into one, in order to make up our time, which I did not wish to do, on account of the fishing at Niavi. The whole

afternoon it continued to rain cats and dogs; river rising fast, and low clouds overhanging the mountains.

We flattened our noses against the window-panes all day long, doing "Sister Anne" for fair weather.

At eight o'clock in the evening we were rewarded by a temporary lull; the rain stopped, and, contrary to the advice of our host and his family, we were determined to make a start of it.

CHAPTER VII.

The Fisherman vanquished by the Mosquitoes.—Reflected Objects on Lake Skalka.—Bjorkholm again.—Our Dog sees a Horse and Cart for the first time.—House building at Jockmock.—Attempted Suicide of Dog.—Rare Plants at Payerim.—We pass the tar on its way to the Coast.—Fishing at Edefors.—Return to Luleå.—Sale by Auction of our surplus Stores.—We part with our Dog and take our passage to Stockholm by the "Berzelius."

TURNING our backs upon Quickjock with a heavy heart, we called our three boatmen together, and, taking our dog by the string, packed ourselves and our goods into the boat which was prepared for us. It was ornamented with dripping boughs of some white-flowering shrub. It is their way of speeding the parting guest, but we were forced to throw them all overboard, as they were saturated with the rain. In a few minutes we were off, after a hearty handshaking with all the natives; we shot rapidly down the stream of the river, and entered the silent canal, then out again into the beautiful

lake. It looked so different from when we last saw it; the bushes and trees in leaf, and the water sunk down almost to its natural level.

The first hour the weather held up, and the journey was pleasant, although the clouds still capped the surrounding mountains, but the second hour found us in the midst of a Scotch mist, which prevented our seeing more than a few yards before us; fortunately it was a very narrow lake, so we were not likely to lose our way in the fog. In a little over three hours we reached the end, where the rapids commenced, down which we shot at a terrible pace.

The trees seemed to be racing away from us, and we held our breath and clung to the sides of the boat as it shaved a sunken rock, first on one side and then on the other; hundreds of stones and rocks were all around us, and we were not sorry to find ourselves, in a few minutes, safe in the little bay at midnight.

Although the mist was still very thick, we had no more darkness than you would have on a winter's day in England at about 3 P.M. After a very wet

walk through the forest, during which we were terribly bothered by the mosquitoes, we arrived at the guest-house at Niavi. The folk were all fast asleep and we woke them with difficulty, after a good knocking at the door with our sticks. Our rugs, &c., were wringing wet, but were soon dried at a roaring fire, and we lay down to rest.

At three I rose again, carefully covered my head with my mosquito net, and with my large rod and strong tackle I sallied forth to see if I could not land one of the enormous trout of the rapids.

Twenty minutes brought me to the waterside, and I planted myself on a large stone, from which I could reach a beautiful-looking eddy.

By this time the assembly had been sounded by the leaders of the "migs," to wake up any who might have been asleep, and call them together to the feast. In a few moments detachments began to muster from various parts; I was busy putting my rod together and took little notice of them at first, merely knocking them away when particularly intrusive, but as fresh arrivals took place, fresh vigour seemed to be imparted to the enemy, and attempts

were made to storm the citadel at all points, some crawling through the net, others up my sleeves, and into my waistcoat; by this time my rod was put up and ready for a cast.

But all around me the air was darkened by these insects, the poison of their bites had already begun to irritate, and at last, fairly beaten, after fighting away for some time, net in one hand and rod in the other, I jumped off the stone, and took to my heels through the forest, and reached the house again, a sad sufferer both in mind and body.

The Niavi people, you may remember, had been absent as we passed through on our upward journey, and now they were determined to lose nothing of the sight of an English lady.

The landlady and daughter both attended her toilette and watched the whole proceedings with tremendous interest, especially the tooth-brushing performance; the Balmoral boots were minutely examined, and a bright-coloured neck-handkerchief excited such envy and admiration that she fully expected they would appropriate it.

We started again on our journey at nine o'clock

Chapman & Hall - London

LAKE TRAVELLING IN LAPLAND.

in two boats, not sorry to leave this station, which we did not much fancy, the weather fair but dull, the water like glass, and all the way down this lake, thirty-five miles long, the reflections were most marvellous; every tree upon the shore was repeated again with the utmost fidelity, and the reflection of an angular rock was so wonderful, that it was perfectly impossible in the distance to make out where the substance terminated and its image commenced.

Our dog behaved uncommonly well, considering he had never been in a boat before. At night we used to tie him up under one of the sheds, when he would quietly sleep till morning.

In each boat we had a man and woman as rowers. One woman in particular was a most skilful performer: it was beautiful to see the way she handled the oar, and the ease and grace with which she drove the canoe through the water. What a study for an artist she would have made, in her loose flannel shirt of spotless white, displaying a pair of strong well-shaped arms bare to the elbows. A coloured handkerchief shaded her rosy, merry face, and her bright blue

eyes sparkled with excitement as she endeavoured to outstrip her companions in the larger boat. All this was reflected with faultless accuracy in the glassy mirror below, and I think I may say that, take it all together, I have seldom looked on a prettier picture.

Once more we halted at Tjamortis to lunch, and in half an hour pushed on for Bjorkholm; after we had gone a little distance a boat pushed off to intercept us, manned by two old women who had some birds' eggs they wished us to buy; we could not disappoint them, so made a bargain, to their intense satisfaction.

After our thirty-five miles' row we were charmed to find ourselves once more in the hospitable little island of Bjorkholm. Our Lapp hostess was delighted to see us, and welcomed us with the greatest cordiality, giving us quite a sumptuous repast, together with a dessert of some petrified raisins; she also insisted on our tasting a liquid which she declared to be Portuguese wine, and never having been in Portugal, we could not say anything to the contrary.

We did not get a wink of sleep for the mosquitoes, which came trooping in through our open chimney. There is one advantage in perpetual light—that you can see your foes as well as hear them, and we spent the night in active warfare.

Left at 6·30 A.M. in two boats,—weather lovely, and water perfectly calm; came in a quarter of an hour to the main-land, where we disembarked and had a twenty minutes' walk through the forest. The pathway very wet from the recent rains, and the mosquitoes worse than ever, preventing one stopping to rest or even standing still for an instant. Our boats were ready on the Lake Parkijaur, and we had several shots at the wild duck on the way down, but had no time to follow them, not wishing to delay our journey.

At every lake our rowers were in waiting, and coming down with the stream we found to be a very different thing from going up against it.

At the head of Lake Vaikijaur we were met by our landlord from Jockmock. We got very good sport down this lake with the wild fowl, shooting some and chasing others; the latter invariably dived, and

appeared again after the lapse of some minutes in a totally opposite direction. We were obliged to give up this really wild-goose chase, and continued our course with such expedition that we landed at the head of our road three hours sooner than we anticipated, showing how easy the journey is, if everything has been arranged beforehand.

After some delay on the beach, our horses, with gig and cart, arrived, and giving the dog to a man to lead, we drove off.

No sooner did the brute see us go, than he jumped on his hind legs and tore after us, Kangaroo fashion, his fore-feet off the ground. It was a most ridiculous sight! We were obliged to take him with us in the gig after all.

It was probably the first vehicle and the first horse he had ever seen, and he could scarcely be kept from worrying the horse and jumping out of the gig. However by degrees he became reconciled, and behaved like a gentleman.

We hoped to have rested at Jockmock to-morrow, Sunday, but unfortunately they were building a house next door to ours, and the noise was simply

unbearable; every blow shook our wooden fabric, and as daylight will be rather scarce in another two months, they are making the best use they can of it, and only stop work for three or four hours in the night. The builder and owner told me it would be an eight-roomed house, two stories in height, well provided with windows and doors, would occupy ground about twenty-five feet square, and costing him when complete only £25.

There were two other objections to remaining here longer than could be helped:—first, the landlord had a spoilt child, who lived in the kitchen, and bellowed the whole day long; secondly, the mosquitoes were worse in this place than any other we had yet lived in, although there was no forest within 500 yards, the river a mile away, and our house stood on the top of a hill. We therefore made up our minds to leave for Payerim as soon as the rain stopped, and to pass our Sunday there, although this plan would cause us to arrive a day before our time.

We did not see our thin friend, the pastor; he could not well be stout, considering his parish was one hundred and forty miles long by twenty-one

broad. His predecessor, passing rich on £40 a-year, had brought up a family of eighteen children, a couple of whom accompanied us afterwards on the steamboat to Luleå—very fine samples indeed!

The rain cleared off a little at noon, when we started. All went well till the rain began again, turning at last into a regular downpour; our waterproofs protected us all right, but the roads became very heavy, and flooded in many places. Our pony was a lazy one, and as we crawled along I could not help thinking of the ancient couplet:—

> "And snails triumphant as they go,
> Look back with scorn and laugh at Joe."

At a place called Koskats we drew up, having come seventeen miles in three hours; we rested half-an-hour, in such a miserably poor inn no traveller could pass a night there. A little girl, who saw us coming, ran off (as she said) "to fetch mamma," who, on arriving, made us some coffee, without any sugar; they were too poor to have such a luxury.

Once more *en route* for Payerim; no adventures, until our Lapp dog, tired of the monotony of the

long journey, sought to put an end to it by suicide. He jumped out, and hung inside the wheel by his rope, which was fastened to our gig; he was nearly strangled before we could release him.

The facility with which we could stop the pony at the word Phu-r-r-r, no doubt saved his life.

At 6 P.M. we ended our journey, at the very magnificent (as we then thought) station of Payerim. In comparison with the others we had frequented, it certainly looked quite grand. The floor of our room was painted in a coloured pattern, to represent a carpet, and there was quite an astonishing amount of furniture and crockery. Having left the Arctic Circle, there was a most sensible diminution of "migs," to our intense delight.

Sunday, the 11th of July, we made, indeed, a day of rest; there was no church within forty miles, so we got up late, and did little but stroll round the clearings. During our walk we were struck by the contents of some flower-pots standing in a window, evidently much prized by the inmates of the cottage; however, on a closer inspection, they turned out to be common turnips in full flower.

The next morning I went down early to fish in the river, which was again over-flooding its banks, much too full to do anything; killed half-a-dozen small trout. While I was away, a dirty old Lapp walked into the room where my wife was dressing, closed the door, and demanded "Penge" (money). Happily, he did not proceed to help himself, which he might easily have done, as our portmanteaus were lying open on the floor; but it was not till she had almost pushed him out, that he took his departure.

The day was so hot, and our journey such a short one, that we waited till 2 P.M. before we started. Went capitally with our fresh ponies, passing several convoys of tar barrels; the latter are fastened together by a kind of framework, which enables the ponies to draw them along the road with the greatest ease.

We passed, sometimes, thirty barrels in one procession.

The road to Storbacken had been repaired since we went up, and being down-hill all the way, we had quite an easy time of it. The row of twenty-

TAR BARRELS ROLLING TO THE COAST.

one miles, which followed, was also very enjoyable. A scoop being wanted to bale the boat, one of the men cut off a foot of bark from a birch tree, twisted it up into the shape of a cup, and soon cleared out the canoe.

At the top of the rapids we found our cart waiting to take our luggage to the wood-master's house at Edefors, where we were again to sleep. All very kind and attentive; mosquitoes in plenty still. Saw two magnificent salmon, which had just been caught in the nets, about 30lb. a-piece.

The river had risen terribly, from the late rains; but thinking it a pity not to have a try, I took out my salmon rod and tackle, and was pulled several times across the bottom of the rapids; but had no success, either with fly or phantom.

Went on board our friendly little screw at six the next morning. Stopped an hour at Svartla, and went into a cottage, where we saw the process of making "flad-brod," and tasted it when hot—certainly better than when dry and hard, as it is always eaten.

On leaving the pier the captain tried to turn his steamer against the wind, instead of backing her out;

the strong wind caught the light craft, and drove her aground among some timber rafts, the ropes of which fouled her screw. There we were for half an hour, making frantic efforts to get off, till at last, by means of a warp made fast to the pier, we escaped, as we ought to have done at first. Fortunately it did not matter, as we had plenty of time to spare.

The cheapness of these pine logs would astonish anyone at home. I asked the price of one thirty feet long, eight inches square at one end, and six at the other; the value as it lay there was but *7d.!*

At noon we stepped out at Hedenfoss, and found our vehicles ready; drove once more through the seven miles of sand, and were overjoyed to see the "Gellivara" lying with her steam up alongside the quay, at the little station of Robacken.

At five o'clock we paddled into the harbour of Luleå welcomed by our kind friend of the Gellivara Company, who had obtained rooms for us at the inn, to which we gladly repaired, and oh! joy! not a mosquito to be seen, none to kill prior to turning in for the night.

The total expense of this journey of nearly four

hundred miles from Luleå to Quickjock and back was about £20.

As our luggage had by this time increased to an uncomfortable extent, we determined to sell our surplus stores by auction, notice of which had been given the previous day.

At twelve o'clock we were all summoned to the sale by the ringing of a large bell, and on entering the Town Hall, a fine room, we perceived our goods and chattels on the table in the centre: forty or fifty people were present, and soon began to bid. They seemed to enjoy the fun of carrying off some relic of the English, and it was entertaining to hear the bids mounting up, as the Swedish auctioneer puffed off the various articles. I had made up altogether about forty lots, and very few went below their real value, most of them above cost price. The jewellery attracted great attention, and the brooches were disposed of for three times more than they cost; the rings on the other hand were as much at a discount here as they were in Quickjock. Six dozen of surplus flies sold for more than I gave for them in London, and a half-empty tin of Huntley and

Palmer's biscuits realised exactly the same price that we had paid in Stockholm when full. The expense of this entertainment was the auctioneer's charge of three per cent., and the cost of a government stamp for permission to hold it.

We hoped to have found a ship here, going direct to London, to whose captain we could hand over our dog as a passenger, but unfortunately we were too late in the season, as all the timber ships had cleared out just before our return.

Very unwillingly we made up our mind to part with our poor dog, but it would have been a great trouble to have taken him with us all the way through Sweden, and as our kind friend of the Gellivara took a fancy to him, we were glad to leave him with so good a master. The dog was apparently of a different opinion, and feeling how impossible it would be to survive our departure, he employed the first night in preparing himself a grave, in which he was found the next morning, with nothing but the tip of his tail appearing above ground.

We intended making a tour round the coast upon

our return home, avoiding the open sea as much as possible. For this purpose we took a passage on board the "Berzelius," one of the coasting line of steamers. We went on board in the evening, enjoying one of the most magnificent sunsets we had yet seen, the sun going down about eleven a mass of golden fire. The "Berzelius" was an old-fashioned paddle, twice as large as the "Volontaire," and four times as comfortable—in fact, we were never in a steamer which combined so many comforts, and at the same time objects of interest to the traveller. Of course I am not comparing it with the P. and O. Company's boats, as they are regular sea-going vessels, which this was not. The saloon was very large, with cabins branching from it; the windows in the rounded stern gave every facility for enjoying the magnificent views as we steamed along. There was also a good piano, a grand resource for the musical passengers. Over the saloon was the promenade deck, and below a smaller saloon, also fitted up with cabins; we took one of the upper tier at first, but the noise overhead of the tiller chain running along the deck whenever the course of the

ship was altered drove us down below, where we were very quiet and comfortable, our berth being fitted up in the same style as the one we had in the "Volontaire," only more roomy.

The eating saloon in the fore part of the ship was presided over by two good-looking damsels, who waited upon the hungry passengers. A book, with a pencil attached, hung above the dinner table, and each person wrote his name down at the top of a column, and put down day by day what he had had; this, when totalled up at the end of the journey, formed the bill. One of the pigas wrote it down for us foreigners. The saloon also served as a kind of restaurant, for at every little town where we stopped, some of the inhabitants would come on board to enjoy the good feeding; generally a party of friends would sit down to the feast, but now and then we noticed a man leaving his wife and children on the quay, and he himself sneaking into the saloon, dining greedily alone!

There was very fair wine to be had, the claret particularly good, and not dear.

The fare to Stockholm was the same as by the

other steamer, although we were two days longer on board, and the distance round the coast much greater. The ship did not leave till 2 A.M. The night was calm, with little or no wind, and we felt no more motion than we should have done in a canal, till the ship grated alongside the quay of Piteå early next morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

We coast along the Gulf of Bothnia.—Fishing over the side of the Steamer.—Alarm of Fire on board.—The Aide-de-camp's Horse.—Ornosvick, a new town.—Sundesvall and the Overland Route to Norway.—Hudiksvall, an old town with a bad name.—The smoking ashes of Gefle.—A stroll amongst the Ruins.—English Convicts in Sweden.—Oregrund—The Archipelago of Stockholm.

AFTER breakfast we found, by consulting the board, that we had still two hours to remain at Piteå, so took a walk through this funny wooden little town, much smaller than Luleå, with a regular Lapp church and detached belfry. The Governor's house stood at the end of the main street, quite a handsome, villa-looking residence; there was also a fine square and imposing town-hall.

On returning, I fished over the ship's side with a piece of meat for bait, and soon secured a good-sized fish, but my fine tackle was too light, and he broke away; determining to be more careful in future, I soon hooked another and played him for a long time,

till he seemed about done; and as I could not reach him with the net, I was obliged to lift him gently out, hand over hand. He was very quiet, and all went well till he came up almost within reach, when with a flap of his tail he broke the hook short off and fell plop back into the water. He was a kind of roach, with reddish fins, weighing from one and a half to two pounds. The sailors told me they could catch them at every harbour we entered, if the wind was warm.

We steamed once more out of this intricate bay, and along the coast till we came to a little village called Vitrifos, not a regular stopping place; it is a large glass manufactory, and a cargo lay packed in barges on the quay, ready for us to carry to Stockholm. As it took a couple of hours getting them on board, we strolled about on shore; a poor little village with nothing much to recommend it. We heard here of the destruction by fire of Gefle, one of the coast towns we were coming to, and where we had intended quitting our vessel for a tour by land, branching off into the Dalecarlia district, renowned for its pretty scenery; but we were now obliged to give it up, as

we should have found no accommodation either there or in the neighbourhood—nine thousand poor creatures being homeless. On board our ship was an old general, with his brigade major and adjutant; they had been up to Haparanda for the annual inspection, and were returning to their quarters at Gefle, when they received a telegram saying that everything they possessed had been burnt.

A heavy rain now set in, which drove us all to the saloon; there were a goodly number of passengers, some of whom were Dutchmen. We enlivened the time by some capital music; the piano was really a very good one, and a Swedish gentleman on board, in the civil service, was an admirable performer.

Drew up at Shellofteå at six, the natives looking as miserable as they did when we were here before. Took in our supply of wood, and off again at half past seven.

The crackling and roaring of the pine logs, and the great heat which rose from one of the coal, or rather wood-bunkers, made a passenger imagine that the ship was on fire; the Captain was sent for and an examination instituted, the result of which

happily restored the composure of our nervous friend.

After a quiet night, we came on deck at 8 A.M. and found we were gradually approaching the port of Umeå, and, to our astonishment, saw an English church on the summit of the hill we were rounding.

Mr. Dickson, the great English merchant of Gothenburg, whose villa we afterwards visited, owns a large property here, and built the church at his own expense.

The town of Umeå (as is so often the case) was a few miles up the river.

Each stopping-place had some pretty points to be admired, but Ornosvik (the next we came to) certainly carries off the palm. It is quite a new little town, nestling on a slope by the bay, and surrounded by hills and rocks on every side; it has no church as yet, though its appearance is very prosperous, and it boasts a Telegraph Office, from whence we sent a notice to Rydberg's Hotel of the day we were coming, begging that good rooms might be secured for us.

The day was warm and the sea calm, and our engines were not worked at a high enough speed

to give that shuddering motion one so often meets with under similar circumstances—so there was nothing to mar our enjoyment as we steamed along at about nine and a half knots an hour.

Nothing could exceed the tints of the declining sun, thrown upon the rocks of red granite which lined the entrance to this lovely bay. For a good hour we luxuriated in the exquisite colouring, while passing into the open sea again, still not a ripple to be seen on the water.

At Ornosvik we had an addition to our passengers. A respectably-dressed woman came on board in terrible trouble, having just heard of the total destruction of all her worldly possessions in the great fire. She had been staying with a friend up the country, and was now making her way back to her desolate home. Her husband had remained at Gefle, but she knew not whether he was dead or alive.

The nearer we approached to this unfortunate town, the more sad were the accounts of this direful catastrophe; the happiest man on board, at present, is the aide-de-camp, who has received another telegram saying that "Fatima," his favourite

horse, was saved from the burning barracks with great difficulty. He paced the deck in the greatest glee, repeating to us in his broken English, "Fatima is save! she is save!"

I must say, at first, I thought it was his wife.

The next morning pulled up at Hernosand, on an island, and again at 11 A.M. at Sundesvall. This is quite a grand town, country villas and detached houses show us the civilization we are approaching, and last night, for the first time for more than a month, we were obliged to light a candle in our cabin, towards midnight.

We soon landed and found our way into the market place, where there was evidently a kind of fair going on, all the usual stalls, some of meat, others of Birmingham and Manchester goods, others hardware or stoneware.

As usual in these northern towns, the vegetables were confined to small-sized potatoes, an onion or two, or perhaps a few carrots and turnips, or a stray cabbage.

Fruit there was none of any kind.

The hotel was quite a stylish building, for this is

the starting place for travellers to drive across the mountains to Drontheim, in Norway. The scenery and accommodation on this route are most highly spoken of, but I should prefer coming the other way over, as then one would drive in the comfortable Norwegian cariole, instead of the shaky Swedish gig.

We visited a confectioner's shop, and had our bun and sherry, just as one might do in Oxford Street. The town-hall has an imposing appearance, and the shops are quite grand in comparison with the stores we had been accustomed to. The churches (for it boasted of two) were dull heavy-looking buildings. There were great attempts at ornamentation in the church-yard, but the results were most unsatisfactory. Some of the sandy graves had patterns drawn upon them with a stick; others had a tumbler of cut flowers imbedded in the mound; many, alas! had been neglected or forgotten, and were now dead, from want of water.

Here, as in Stockholm, there are trees with seats under them, making the churchyard a kind of park for the nurses and children.

We have very little of the open sea as yet—it takes so long to make our way up these fiords to the different towns.

For instance, we were two hours steaming up to the next town of Hudiksval; it also occupies one side of a beautiful bay, and may be called the Venice of the Gulf of Bothnia, its old red houses overhanging each other give it a decayed, dilapidated appearance. Many of the buildings are upon piles driven into the water.

It was evening as we patrolled the grass-grown streets, meeting knots of half-drunken men reeling about; from the specimens we saw, we should corroborate the statement given us, that the inhabitants bear a very bad character.

Our numbers increased materially at this place, especially among the deck passengers, who having heard of the destruction of Gefle, came flocking in from the country round, expecting to find plenty of work. Their costumes were very picturesque and becoming, the women, with their delicate fair complexions, and bright blue eyes, looking quite ladylike, and the men handsome and well-built.

This morning there was a little motion upon the sea, for the first time; however, we were soon in smooth water again; all in anxious expectation as we moved up the Bay of Gefle, sympathising with many of our fellow passengers, who were about to gaze upon the blackened homes which they had left so smiling a few days before. This town contains twelve thousand inhabitants, and was the third in commercial importance in the kingdom. It had several churches, also a fine hotel, with barracks, theatre, and governor's residence, &c. &c. Fortunately, a small river runs through the centre of the town, and owing to this circumstance, part of the town was saved. On one side were the public buildings and dwellings of nine thousand people, the whole of which were burnt to the ground; upon the other side not a house was touched.

The fire broke out in the day-time, in a carpenter's shop, during a heavy gale, and before anything could be done, the wind had scattered the burning shavings in every direction, so that the wooden city was fired almost simultaneously

in several places. The railway station on the northern side was still standing—due, no doubt, to its open situation, a large space dividing it from the other houses.

We were some time steaming up a rather uninteresting fiord, passing numerous ships anchored here and there, awaiting their cargoes; there were also several empty steamers, which had just discharged food, clothing, and tents from Stockholm, for the unfortunates who had nothing left but the clothes they stood up in. The town lies rather low, at the junction of the river—a very narrow one. Such a scene of desolation as now met our view we never hope to see again, and, in fact, never could see, except in a town which had been built almost entirely of wood.

The chimneys were, of course, either of stone or brick; and as we stood on the deck, and our eye wandered over street after street of blackened, smoking heaps of ruins, and saw nothing standing save these chimneys (with, generally, their stoves attached), the effect was that of enormous tombstones in a gigantic cemetery.

To our right lay the railway station: in front of us the remains of a large gateway, supported by chimneys, two stories high, with the porcelain stoves hanging, as it were, in mid-air; the iron stoves had fallen down in ruins, but the porcelain ones—which were in all the better houses—resisted the action of the fire. On our left was a promenade under trees, by the water-side, which had been bounded by shops and stores; the latter had been completely swept away, while the blackened trunks of the trees showed how terrible must have been the heat of the flames. Behind us were some half-burnt ships, unable to slip away from the wharves in time.

In the distance, one could trace line after line of tents pitched in the fields, the only shelter for the sufferers.

We felt very much for our poor old General, who for thirty years had amused himself by collecting from different parts of the world all kinds of valuables and articles of *virtù*, till his house in the barracks was renowned far and wide for its handsome plate and wonderful curiosities.

Everything was now gone, the smoke still curling up from what had once been so beautiful! He was very sad, and said, "I am an old man, and I have no home!"

We had four hours to spend on shore—ample time to make a tour of the town. As we left the ship we passed an enormous mound of dried fish, still frying;—you may imagine the horrible effluvia it gave off. This had evidently been a large dépôt for such comestibles. The *débris* of an ironmonger's shop formed the next heap,—nails and iron implements of every kind twisted and distorted into fantastic shapes and forms; the only things the flames had spared intact were the large iron weights of his scales. Its neighbour puzzled us a good deal: no smoke nor flame proceeded from it, and it looked massive, as if in blocks; by scraping away the ashes, we discovered it to be ice.

Then came mounds of common salt; no difficulty in making that out, nor the crockery shop, which once stood next to it,—broken plates, fused glass, and burnt clay, lay side by side. Close to these were the remains of some wheels and springs, testi-

fying to the residence of some unfortunate carriage-builder; but many of the heaps quite baffled us.

Tears were flowing fast from many poor creatures, who were wandering about the streets, endeavouring to discover some trace of their former home; while others had evidently found the spot—a mass of blackened embers, and were wringing their hands, and weeping over the sad spectacle. It was such a painful sight, we were glad to leave it.

The appearance of the public buildings, which had been either of brick or stone, was quite different; the theatre and town-hall were completely gutted; so were the barracks, the roof of which seemed to have been protected by the copper sheeting which covered it. The guns were still standing on the barrack square, and the sentries pacing up and down, as if nothing had happened.

Here we crossed the river, by a stone bridge eighty feet long, just sufficient to save the other side, which had not even the paint blistered on the window-shutters. This part of the town which escaped seemed only a suburb of that which was gone.

Fortunately, nearly every house was insured in a

society formed by the towns in the Bothnian Gulf; and no doubt good will come out of evil, and the new town far excel the old. The streets will be widened, and the houses built of brick or stone, and work provided during the winter to feed many who would otherwise have been badly off.

Gefle is within easy reach of Stockholm; and while we were on shore an excursion steamer arrived, crammed with people who had come from Stockholm to see the ravages of the fire. They had evidently had a rough and stormy passage; and many were in a pitiable plight on landing.

The weather was warm, and the heat and smells made our trip so fatiguing, that we returned to our steamer by one of the little omnibus-boats, which puffed us down the stream in a few minutes.

As we reached our ship, we saw an unusual commotion on shore, caused by the arrival of about half-a-dozen gigs, containing prisoners, chained together by the ancles with uncommonly heavy chains.

What was our disgust to hear that four of them were English! They had all been confined in the

gaol here, but in consequence of the fire, it was thought safer to remove them to Stockholm.

They were lifted down out of their gigs, and had to walk arm in arm, each moving the chained leg simultaneously, as if about to engage in a three-legged race. Their chains clanked loudly as they dragged them along in walking across the deck. One warder, thanks to the fetters, looked after the whole lot.

I soon got hold of the four English, three of whom were mere lads, the scum of Manchester and Newcastle; but the fourth was of a different stamp, quite a respectable man. He was in great distress, and seemed to feel deeply the disgraceful position he now occupied; he said that he was married, and would lose his character and a good situation, through this drunken freak. They were part of the crew of an English ship, lying in the harbour; when on shore one evening, they broke into an old man's cottage, and stole his gun to shoot ducks with. Twelve months' imprisonment was the result of this escapade. While on board our steamer they were only obliged to be below at night, when, poor

wretches, they were battened down amongst the cargo. Of course, as is generally the case, they were now deeply penitent, and loud in their asseverations that they would never get drunk again as long as they lived; unfortunately, mere good resolutions are not likely to be worth much. They told me they were well fed and cared for; I took charge of letters from each for their friends, to whom they are allowed to write, once upon entering prison, and, again, just before leaving it.

We bade farewell to this sad place, and were soon out in the open sea, only twelve hours from Stockholm, and no more halting-places!

The sun still hot; but a breeze had sprung up from the south, and there was an unmistakeable swell in the gulf; our ship rode it very easily from 4 P.M. till 8, when we came under the shelter of a very long island, Gräson, by name, with a lighthouse at each end. We passed within a stone's throw of the pretty little village of Öregrund, which made its fortune in the years 1854 and 1855, during the Crimean War, by supplying the Baltic fleet with fresh provisions and vegetables.

After winding amongst numerous little islan scattered about the water, we steamed round tl lighthouse at the further end of Gräson about te Another couple of hours of rather unquiet s brought us into the Archipelago of Stockholm, ar to the end of the most delightful and interestir coasting trip we have ever enjoyed.

CHAPTER IX.

The Fortress of Waxholm.—The Baltic Fiord.—Stockholm.—The bridal Trousseau.—We walk through the Palace.—The Church of the Knight's Island.—"Moriens triumphavit."—The Fish-wives and their living Wares.—Grand Concert in St. Katherine's Church.—The new Museum, its Paintings and Sculptures.—We thoroughly enjoy the historical Relics.—The Horse of Gustavus Adolphus.—An Evening in the King's Garden.—The Djürgarden.

WE rose betimes to get a view of the fortress of Waxholm, which so ably defends this approach to Stockholm. Every care has been taken to leave no gate unguarded; but, I think, in these days, that here, as in many other places, though the doors were well fastened, the Russians could come in by the windows. Let them land higher up, march along the road, and take Stockholm from the N.E., there would be nothing much to bar the way, and Waxholm would be useless.

What beautiful scenery burst upon our view up this Baltic Fiord!

Here a little bay, with its green and grassy banks running down to the water's edge; magnificent oaks dipping their very boughs into the water. On the centre of a slope stands the villa of some Stockholm celebrity; well sheltered at the back by clumps of dark thick pines and firs. Again, a bold, bluff perpendicular piece of bare rock varies the scene by throwing itself forward into the landscape, as if anxious to cut through the water.

We passed numerous ships and steamers, one after the other, as we made our way to the city; and, at 8 A.M. found ourselves once more in Rydberg's Hotel, looking out of our windows upon that view which it is impossible to forget. The city was in a great state of excitement, in consequence of the approaching marriage of the king's only child to the Crown Prince of Denmark. There had been some little hitch about the dowry. The king expected his parliament to give a handsome one; but they were of opinion that as he had four millions of dollars a-year, (over £200,000 of our money) he ought to be able to give the dowry himself. It does seem a large sum for so small and poor a state, especially as the

country has been much impoverished by stagnation of trade, and a succession of bad harvests.

The dispute ended in the States giving a lump sum of £4,444. The trousseau of the happy bride was exposed to public view four days before the wedding, and we were much amused by seeing from morning till night a long procession of eager females of all ages, some six deep, patiently waiting until, the head of their band, having feasted their eyes made way for them.

Here and there a bashful male had joined the line, and was jeered at by those who had no part in the affair.

An order had been given, and placards were put up everywhere, that no one was allowed to touch the royal garments, and anyone doing so would be instantly dismissed. The story goes, that a lady was observed feeling the texture of one of the dresses; instantly there was a shout from the bystanders, and on their clamouring for the immediate removal of the offender, it was discovered to be none other than the princess herself.

Although upholsterers were very busy in embellish-

ing the interior of the palace, we obtained permission to walk through the various state apartments, conducted by the proper official. He pointed out to us several objects of great value, such as an enormous candelabra ten feet high, in Sèvres china, exquisite cabinets of porcelain, vases of Dresden china, mirrors, richly framed (though the glass was poor enough), all presented to the King by Napoleon III. We wondered whether His Imperial Majesty had been as liberal to other sovereigns, and if not, what object he had in view in this case.

This palace is a most noble edifice, placed upon an elevation in the centre of the city. It is built in a quadrilateral form, a large, open square inside, its foundations are of large, rough blocks of granite, which reach up to the basement story, upon that comes brick and stucco. It is about one hundred years old and has a massive, mellow look.

The approach by the Lion Terrace is very handsome; a broad roadway of granite rising up from the new bridge, surmounted by a pair of bronze lions, leads to the principal entrance.

A guard house stands close by, with sentries

posted in every direction, some were actually armed with flint-locks!! while others had the latest breech-loading improvements.

Leaving the palace, we made for the Riddersholm's Kyrke (or Church of Knights' Island). In front is a statue of Bergerkarl (they are very fond of statues in Sweden), who laid the foundation of the city some seven hundred years ago. The church had a peculiarly beautiful and elegant spire, made of trellis work in cast iron; it must have been cheaper than stone, as it replaced one of that material which had been destroyed by lightning some years ago.

The inside of this church looked bare and gloomy, it was nothing but a mass of tombs, old flags, and rusty armour; the pillars adorned with standards and spears.

Divine service had not been held here for sixty years, it is only a vast mausoleum of Swedish Kings, warriors, and heroes. In the choir is the tomb of Gustavus Adolphus, a heavy-looking structure with the appropriate motto—

"MORIENS TRIUMPHAVIT,"

surrounded by the flags and drums, and keys of captured towns picked up by him in Germany. In a chapel on the opposite side were the remains of Charles XII., assassinated at Fredericshall, and not far off was the tomb of Bernadotte, Napoleon's general before his elevation to the throne.

There is matter here for a most valuable museum, relics and armour unequalled in beauty and finish, and they would be better preserved in some such place than in a damp church where no one can see them properly.

Close by, was the quay from which our steamer was to start for Gottenburg by the Gotha Canal, a funny little craft, stumpy and short to get through the locks, and yet stout enough to withstand the open sea.

The cabins were comfortable, and the arrangements on board precisely similar to those of the Bothnian boats. We took our passage for the following Friday, our fare being about thirty shillings a-piece. The next day we made a promiscuous excursion about the city, and visited the markets, of which we found several held in open squares; the

fruit was very inferior and dear. The most interesting was the fish market, held upon a floating, wooden stage, with the open water in the centre; you reached it by means of steps, leading down from one of the bridges.

The people of Stockholm require their fish to be alive, and the old fishwives who sat round the market, had their wares swimming about in large tubs of water in front of them. The sea-fish, of course, were dead; but the principal supply consisted of fresh water fish, as pike, eels, dace, perch, and a flat-headed, reptile-looking fish, the greatest delicacy of the lot. The surplus stock was in the wells of the boats anchored outside the market; the fish were kept alive by boys pulling a large stone, which was fastened to the mast-head, to and fro, thus causing the boat to rock from side to side and supplying oxygen for the occupants. These fish are netted in the lakes, and form the staple food for most of the poorer classes.

Happening to pass by this market in the evening, I found the stage full of men and boys, eagerly crowding over each other for the best place to fish

from, with rods and lines of all lengths, shapes, and sizes; they caught numbers of a small fish like our smelt.

The shops were very poor, the jeweller's work principally in silver, coarse and heavy. Most of the goods seemed to come from England, and the drinking shops were doing decidedly the best business of any. The photographs too are bad, a good photographer would make his fortune here in a year.

We dined to-day at the other hotel, called the Konig Karl, much about the same as the Rydberg's dinner yesterday. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove to the Catherine Church, on the Mosé Backe (Lutheran), the largest in the city, built in a heavy Italian style, surmounted by a dome. There was to be an afternoon concert given on behalf of the sufferers by fire at Gefle; we paid 1*s.* 1*d.* each for our tickets and found numbers of people crowding in, although we were twenty minutes too soon: we walked into one of the pews, much interested in the proceedings.

The concert opened by a performance in the gallery between the organ and the orchestra, which

was very bad indeed; neither in time nor tune. To our mind it seemed strange to hold such a performance in God's House, but such is the custom.

Fru Michaeli, their best singer, gave us three songs, solos, a very pleasant voice: she received immense applause, but the greatest treat to us was without doubt the part songs and glees of the students, which they sang standing outside the communion rails.

There were ten of them, varying from eighteen to thirty-five years in age; they formed a part of the choir of students who had carried away the prize at the Paris Exhibition in 1867. No praise can be too high for them; their voices blended in the most perfect harmony, the sound dying away in the vast dome above. For one moment the audience was hushed to silence in breathless admiration, in the next a burst of applause resounded through the building. The concert lasted about two hours, when we walked into the Mosé Backe tea gardens close by to admire the view. These gardens are situated on the highest hill overlooking the city, and the panoramic view is magnificent.

We were up early the next morning, and made our way by one of the little puffing steamers to the new Museum on the opposite side of the water—a very handsome building of the Munich type; it looks as if it had just arrived entire from the Bavarian Capital.

We paid a trifle at the door and ascended a magnificent flight of marble steps to the top story, passing two very fine statues in the Entrance Hall.

We began with the picture galleries. There were plenty of pictures, some by the present king, which is about all that can be said of them! At the same time we were greatly delighted by some rough sketches of the ancient masters, Rubens, Carracci, Raphael, &c.

On the same floor was the Sculpture Gallery, which contains the beautiful "Sleeping Endymion" from Adrian's garden at Tivoli. Sergel's "Amor and Psyche" and "Faun"; but the really interesting room is one containing curiosities of the Middle Ages and specimens of the Royal Wardrobe from a very early date.

Large glass cases all round the hall are filled with dresses worn by the different Swedish sovereigns, arranged, one after the other, in regular succession.

One can hardly say too much about the interest of these relics. Commencing with the chain armour of their earliest King, it runs down to the present sovereign and at the foot of his Coronation robes, in the same glass case, lies a little sky blue merino frock, trimmed with white satin ribbon, the dress of the heir apparent, who died some time ago, aged only two years.

One case contained some splendid old point lace of the fifteenth century, worth £1,200, exactly the same kind of work as that done by the ladies of the present day, and now so fashionable. It has been used for years as the baptismal robe of each royal infant.

Among other curiosities was one of the solid silver horse-shoes, with which the royal chargers used to be shod on the Coronation day. Two were placed upon the hind feet of the proud animal, one properly fastened on, a perquisite of the head-groom; the other, with merely a nail or two, to be retained

by any person fortunate enough to seize it as it fell from the animal during the procession. This custom, having led to serious accidents from the anxiety of the crowd to secure the treasure, has now been abolished.

Another conspicuous object was the actual skin of the horse upon which Gustavus Adolphus was riding when shot at the battle of Lutzen. It had also the identical saddle, holsters and shoes. The skin is capitally mounted on a wooden model, and has been wonderfully preserved. The horse was a strong cobby bay, of sixteen hands.

The body of the king was found stripped upon the fatal field, and the sheet stained with his blood; the only relic of this great man, is in the adjoining case. It was the return of the riderless horse that first informed the army of their monarch's fate.

Swedish rulers seem on the whole to have had no easy time of it. We saw the garments of one who had been poisoned, everybody *said*, although it was not the fashion in those days to hold coroners' inquests and post-mortem examinations.

Then, there were the mask and domino of Gustavus

III., with a hole in the back, through which the fatal bullet sped its way one night at the opera. Of course no one in particular did it!

Again, the dress of the unfortunate Charles XII. who was shot in the trenches at Frederickshald. The course of the bullet may be traced, through the black felt hat to the temple. It runs upward and not downward, showing that it was sent by an assassin and not from the walls of the beleaguered town. His white gauntlet as well as the hilt of his sword are covered with blood, and it is supposed that on receiving the wound, he raised his hand to his head and then attempted to draw his sword, when he fell to rise no more.

A plaster cast of his face, taken directly after death, may be seen any day in the Rotunda at Woolwich.

We thoroughly enjoyed the exhibition, and came away with our knowledge of Swedish history considerably enlarged.

In the evening we went to a concert in the King's gardens, where there was a band of music playing alongside one of the cafés. Chairs were to be had

for a sou, and we sat down under the trees with many others, listening to the music and watching the gay crowd promenading up and down.

Programmes at 6*d.* each were sold by gentlemen in evening dress, who stood at little tables with large china punch bowls to receive the money. The receipts were for the benefit of the poor people at Gefle, and some of the company gave as much as £5 for their programmes. Few paid the regular price, so that next morning it was found that 20,000 dollars had been contributed.

Each of the principal cafés took their turn in giving a fête for the same object, and by the end of the week a very considerable sum was dispatched for the sufferers.

Truly the Swedes are a kind-hearted, charitable race.

On our return home at ten P.M., the sun and moon were both shining together at the same time, and casting their conflicting lights from opposite or *nearly* opposite quarters.

The next day turned out a very hot one, and we spent it in the charming Djürgarden, which we

reached in a few minutes by steamer. Bicycles were still all the rage, and their riders had evidently been practising since we were here, more than a month ago. Nearly everyone seemed quite at ease with his steed, and all were either moving gracefully up and down the road or racing each other at a tremendous pace.

We dined at the café, and strolled into the park afterwards.

During the first part of our walk, we passed several ornamental buildings, Swiss pavilions, summer-houses, circus, dancing saloons, &c., but a little further on we came to the most magnificent scenery any park in the world might boast of. Splendidly wooded down to the very water's edge. Huge masses of different coloured granite cropped up in every direction, while hill and dell, glade and forest, allured us on some distance, till we came in sight of the Villa Rosendal, the favourite retreat of Charles XIV., situated on rather too low ground for some people's taste, but here this is of no consequence, as the atmosphere is so dry you never see any fog or damp rising from the water.

A celebrated colossal porphyry vase stands in the garden.

As we sat down on the grass by the water-side, watching the ships as they sped by to the Baltic, the evening lights and shadows clothing everything in a beauty that seemed unreal in its exquisite transparency of colouring, we thought we had never enjoyed a more lovely half hour. Every moment it grew more beautiful, but we could linger no longer, and we were forced to retrace our steps to the hotel.

Rydberg's is certainly not dear:—4*s.* 4*d.* a night for one of the best rooms in the city with two beds, large and well furnished. Coffee and bread and butter for two, only 2*s.* Attendance 7*d.* a night for both of us.

CHAPTER X.

Grand Entrance of the Royal Bridegroom.—We start for the Gotha Canal with a crabby Captain.—We pass the iron Hat and reach the Södertelge Canal.—Again in the Baltic.—Ascent from Lake Roxen.—Lake Wettern.—Want of Nuns at Wadstena.—Six hours of Lake Wenern.—Thrilling Adventure by our American Friend.—Our Portraits are taken.—The Falls of Trollhättan.—Gothenburg.—The Kattegat and the Skagerack.—Home again once more.

JULY 23rd, Friday, packed a final packing and deposited our things on board the little steamer, "The Carlstad," and then ashore again to see the entrance of the royal bridegroom, the Crown Prince of Denmark.

The wedding is to take place in a few days.

We took up our position near the palace, in the crowd, without the slightest danger of pickpockets, or of being jostled and crushed to pieces.

I never in my life saw such a wonderful crowd, no noise, no pushing, no crying of ginger beer, nuts, or apples, and very few police.

The booming of distant guns put us all on the tiptoe of expectation, and our patience was soon rewarded by a squadron of cavalry advancing at a trot. (I cannot say much for their soldier-like appearance.)

Then came the royal carriage, the King and Queen bowing like pendulums on each side as if determined to do their best, with the Princess opposite, a tall young lady, evidently rather nervous.

The royal body-guard followed close upon the carriage, mounted on good horses and dressed like the sturdy old Roundheads in ancient pictures, with the exception of the hat, which in this case was a plain three-cornered black felt.

The King was cheered, but not heartily, the bridegroom a little, and the King's brother, the heir apparent, scarcely at all.

We returned to the quay and purchased an arm-chair for our voyage. It was made of twisted birch, price 1*s.* 2*d.*—very useful on board and continues to be so in the garden at home. I wish one could get pretty rustic seats for that sum in England. At five o'clock punctually, we cast off and steamed

away down the Mälar lake. This view of Stockholm is very fine, but makes the city look much flatter than it really is.

Our captain was a gaunt, thin old man, and wore a long black frock-coat, like a schoolmaster. He was the only surly Swede we met with in our travels, and, throughout the passage, not a day passed that he did not verify our opinion of him.

The Gotha Canal is, in fact, a succession of canals, joining lakes and rivers together, by means of which the tourist is taken in the same boat from the Baltic to the Kattegat, without the slightest difficulty or fatigue. The journey can be performed in one day, by the railway, by those who have no time for the longer passage in the canal.

The size of the ships on this route is of course limited by the locks, seventy-four in number. Villas and islands stud the landscape, as we lose sight of the city, passing on our right a rock, upon which stands a large iron hat, elevated upon a pole. The origin of this absurdity is not known, but its age is undoubtedly very great, and whether, as some say, it commemorated a king who could control the winds

with a wave of his hat; or whether, according to others, it was erected in honour of a party who captured a third, and bagged his hat, does not much matter now-a-days.

A veritable bundle of English fishing-rods attracted our attention, and we were not long in discovering their owners, two Englishmen, who were returning from a tour in Russia. We were quite glad to meet a countryman once more, and had scarcely had time to express our mutual satisfaction, before another voice, proceeding from a long body, accosted us with, "Well! I guess you're a Britisher, and I am glad to speak our language n this country."

Our eyes fell upon a tall, handsome, young American, occupying two camp-stools and reading a "Tauchnitz," of course.

He was a very agreeable, gentlemanly fellow, a Southerner, and late captain in the army of General Lee. He was a great addition to our party, full of anecdote and most amusing.

It was some time before we arrived at our first stopping place, the town of Södertelge, famous for

its biscuits, which were brought to the ship's side by old women, in large baskets; they were determined we should not forget their doughy manufacture.

We now came to the first lock and canal. It was a wondrous sight; a vast cutting 120 feet deep, covered with beautiful grass and surrounded by trees. We wound along the canal, taking a serpentine course, and soon reached a lovely little lake. Then another canal with more locks, and so out into a fiord of the Baltic.

These locks are a great advantage in one respect, as they allow sufficient time to walk on shore and see the country, and when seven or eight come together, even for longer excursions.

As night drew in, we passed numerous islands, leaving the castle of Hörningsholm on our left, the water widening every mile. Fortunately, for us, the moon gave a splendid light, or we should have been obliged to anchor until daylight, the passage being so intricate. The steamer went half-speed between rocks, which, really without exaggeration, could be touched with a walking-stick out of the cabin windows on either side.

The sea was perfectly calm, and for two hours during the night, we were out in the Baltic with land only on one side.

Rose early the next morning to admire the beautiful scenery as we left the Baltic, once more entering another canal. Our pace was nine knots an hour, and we soon drew up at the town of Soderköping. The houses, as usual, coloured with dark red ochre.

The water in the canal was very muddy, and the banks, lined with large rushes, which, sucked under by the wash of our steamer, seemed to bow in obeisance as we passed.

This part of Sweden had a more prosperous look than any we had yet seen. Larger farms, better clothed peasantry, and well tilled fields. Little girls trotted up at each lock with wild strawberries for sale, in baskets made of a roll of birch bark, and pinned together by pegs of wood.

We passed through numerous locks, up hill and down dale. Our most wonderful ascent was out of Lake Roxen, where there are fifteen sluices, seven of which follow immediately one after the other.

Looking at the steamer from the shore, the effect was exactly that of a ship walking up-stairs.

I fished in this lake with a fly, and caught some small creatures, not larger than sprats.

This was the most interesting day's journey on the canal route. Such variety of scenery! At one time winding through wooded parks, meadows and gardens, almost touching the gooseberry bushes on either side; then extensive plains would open out all round with hills and ruins in the far distance.

Our boat halted at one place within view of the splendid Motala river, which dashed along forming delightful eddies for trout.

Hearing there were good ones to be caught, and the captain having announced that he should stop twenty minutes to land some iron, we fishermen ran down to the river with our rods and threw our flies over the tempting pools.

We had scarcely begun, when a breathless boy, dispatched by our anxious friends, ordered us back with all speed.

The surly captain having completed his business in five minutes, was on the point of starting without

us, and would have done so but for the earnest entreaty of those we had left on board.

The town of Motala, situated at the entrance to Lake Wettern, is a thriving place, and appears to be doing a good business in iron works. I must not forget to mention the tomb of Count Platen, which we passed just before entering the town. He was the founder and constructor of the canal, and under the shade of elms and poplars, surrounded by iron rails, is a simple marble slab with his name inscribed.

The canal flowing silently at his side is a worthy monument to this great man.

On leaving Motala, we enter Lake Wettern, ninety miles long, and in some places three hundred feet deep. It bears a very bad character for sudden squalls and nasty seas. However, it behaved very well to us, and we crossed with a gentle breeze from the north. For some time, while in the centre of the lake, we could have fancied ourselves in the open sea; scarcely any land visible.

Prior to taking a direct course across the lake, we visited the town of Wadstena, and stopped close to its famous castle, indeed a magnificent old place, in

capital preservation. It was built in 1545 by Gustaf Vasa. Surrounded by towers and moats, it looks, what it really is, one of the finest Gothic buildings in Sweden. Queen Eleanora gave over the castle to any noble spinsters who might wish to become nuns, but none of them having ever turned up, its capacious halls are now used for the storing of grain.

There are remains of a nunnery in the town, which probably accounts for the beautiful lace made here, specimens of which were brought on board by the little lace girls in hopes of tempting some of the lady passengers.

It was getting dark as we neared the frowning fortress of Carlsborgs upon the opposite side of the lake, which defends the entrance to the canal.

Our rest was much disturbed by the ship being engaged with locks all through the night. Bumping and scraping against the sides of solid rock through which the canal is blasted was not conducive to sleep, and at 8 A.M. we were on deck, and found ourselves just entering the Great Lake Wenern, the second largest in Europe. We were six hours in crossing. At the head of the lake, we steamed between several

islands, the fine mountain of Kinnehalle rose up on our left, and the Castle of Leckö was another prominent object, prettily situated on the sea-side. From what we saw of it, we fancied it must be well worth a visit.

We also passed some remarkable mountains called Halleberg and Hunneberg; their perpendicular cliffs like enormous rows of pillars, are something similar to the basaltic columns on the Island of Staffa.

Nearly the whole day we were on this great water, and as there was little to be seen until our arrival at Wenersborg, we were forced to turn to our fellow-passengers for amusement. The American had generally some interesting tale to relate of his various travels, and having a lively imagination, he was never at a loss for material.

He had been making rather a lengthened tour through Europe, up the Nile and across the desert, into the Holy Land, &c.; and this afternoon, when we were sorely at a loss for some way of beguiling the time, he narrated, with great gusto, a thrilling adventure which he had met with when travelling in the East. He was riding alone one day in a

solitary part of the desert, when he became conscious of being pursued by an Arab chieftain, better mounted than himself. Our friend saw him unsling his long gun as he drew within shot; but in a moment the American flung himself, while at full gallop, under his horse's girths, and still retaining his hold of the saddle, seized his rifle and shot the pursuing chieftain through the heart.

We vociferously applauded this startling exploit, although much struck by its similarity to some tale we had read in days gone by!

Among the passengers were two Swedish ladies, evidently very fond of drawing. They used to be sketching all day long, and while we were thoroughly engrossed with this Yankee's yarns, they had seized the opportunity of taking our likenesses. It is somewhat embarrassing to discover one is the object of an opposite pencil, and after vainly trying, by fidgetting about and moving our seats, to put a stop to the proceedings, we quickly turned the tables, took out our own pencils and sketch-books, and commenced upon *them!*

It ended in a mutual exhibition, in which the

enemy carried off the victory in flying colours. They were professional instructors of drawing.

At the end of Lake Wenern rises the handsome town of Wenersborg. It was destroyed by fire forty years ago, and to this circumstance, probably, owes its present prosperity.

After a short stay we entered another canal, which led us into the Gotha river—about as wide as the Thames at Chelsea. It is the only outlet for the waters of the Wenern.

Another hour brought us to Trollhätten, a thriving little place, with quite a grand hotel close to the top of its celebrated falls.

Here we bade adieu to our Yankee friend, and stepped ashore ourselves,—our uncivil captain nearly hurrying off again before we could get out our luggage. Highly indignant, we half thought of reporting him to his employers; but finally contented ourselves with abusing him in English, of which I suspect he understood but little!

We had two capital rooms in the hotel, with a lovely view of the river: the evening was warm, and an intensely hot morning followed. For six weeks

there had been no rain here, and everything was suffering from the long drought,—the leaves on the smaller trees quite parched and drooping.

The falls of Trollhätten (or, rather, succession of falls) are wonderfully grand; and every care has been taken to add to the comfort of the tourist, as this place is much visited by English travellers, being only three and a half days from London.

An artist might find occupation here for a long time, and so, they told us, could the fisherman; but this was not the fact in our case, nor in that of any other English fisherman that we could hear of. Every native seemed fond of the sport, and employed in little else all day long. Wherever you went you were sure to see a couple of rods; but the result, while *we* were there, was generally "nil."

The salmon cannot get up the falls; and though, according to what we heard, plenty were in the pools at the bottom, we never saw one, and yet we rowed up and down, with fly and phantom, for many hours.

In the evening I tried the fishing above the falls:

not a rise!—but had the pleasure of seeing a fine salmon of 20 lbs. taken out of one of the traps at the bottom.

We met several English travellers here, also the captain of the ship in which we intended to take our passage home—a thorough sailor, in every respect; and we found it quite a pleasure to sail under his command.

Numerous saw-mills, worked by the rushing water, lie close to our hotel; also a bath-house, where I bathed for 2*d*. The bath consisted of a hole, five feet square, and very deep, with the stream running through it.

It would be difficult to say how many views might not be taken of these beautiful falls, the best, perhaps, from a lonely rock almost in the centre of the rushing stream, which is reached by an iron suspension bridge. Walks are laid out, with great taste, along the banks, and seats placed in the most favourable positions for a view. Through the pine woods the paths are of saw-dust, which seemed to answer very well, and serve as a good guide to the various peeps of these magnificent falls. The actual

height from top to bottom is one hundred and twenty feet.

We would have gladly lingered longer in this charming place; but our time was up, and we must start on the morrow, July 28th.

The rain came at last; and in a heavy down-pour, at 8 A.M., we embarked on board a casual steamer for Gottenburg, and immediately began to descend the locks of the canal.

They were certainly the grandest and most wonderful of the whole route; blasted out of the solid rock, they look like a perpendicular ladder down the mountain. There were nine in all, and occupied two hours in the descent,—thus giving us ample time to walk on and admire the sublimity of the scene.

Once more on the quiet Gotha river, we steamed through lovely scenery, overtaking a good many vessels which were being towed up to the canal. Villages became more frequent, and twice we passed through small locks to avoid rapids.

We passed, on our right, the only respectable ruins we had seen in the country—those of an old castle called Bohus; and, some distance further on,

the river widened considerably, and brought in sight the prosperous and rising city of Gothenburg. Numerous ships were loading at the quay. Fort Léjon lay beyond, with the steeples of the cathedral and churches on one side, and, on the other, large square houses and wharves of stone.

This is the second city of the kingdom,—a diminutive Liverpool, increasing with great rapidity, and, since the opening of the railway to Stockholm, snatching away much of the commerce of the capital; merchants preferring to send their goods by rail rather than by the long and dangerous route round by sea.

On landing, we made our way to the principal hotel, the Gotha Källare,—bedroom, 2*s.* 10*d.*; lights, 1*s.*; attendance, 6*d.*;—first putting our heavy baggage on board the London steamer, which lay alongside the quay.

The main street has a canal in the centre, and so have several others; these canals are spanned by substantial fixed iron bridges, at every cross street. I think there were nineteen of them altogether; it seemed a great many more than were necessary.

The Gotha Källare, or Gotha Hotel, is a fine building, which is about all that can be said of it. The accommodation good, but not A 1.

We took a drive round the town in the afternoon. Its regular build gives it a decided German appearance.

We visited the grounds of the greatest of Gothenburg's merchant princes, Mr. Dickson, an Englishman, long resident here.

His country house was built in thorough English style, and the gardens laid out in the same fashion, though they were very inferior to any English garden. The climate here is so prejudicial to the plants, that they have all a starved and hungry look.

We climbed to the top of a high rock in the grounds, from which we had a splendid panoramic view of the town lying at our feet, with the river, or *sea* (as it had now become), winding away, amongst rocks and islands, as far as the eye could reach.

Thursday, July 29*th.*—We went on board our steamer at 8 A.M. A magnificent boat, with a dreadful name,—"The Louisa Anne Fanny:" the fare to London, not exorbitant, £3 a-piece; and our

food for sixty hours was another £2,—we were well cared for.

The "Fanny," as we preferred calling her, was a twin screw,—very long, with powerful engines. It was used in former days to run the blockade into Charleston.

A top-deck had been put on her, and she was also fitted up for some two hundred cattle; fortunately for us, we had barely twenty head on board, and they were below, between decks; so we neither heard nor saw them.

A fresh breeze was blowing in our favour, as we warped away from the quay, once more "Homeward Bound."

For the first two hours our course lay in the Bay; and then, gaining the open sea, we set our square sails, and sped merrily along, making about twelve knots on our way across the Kattegat, steering for the "Scaw," the most northern point of Denmark.

There was a good sea on; but our large ship rode very easily, while the small coasters and fishing-craft were tossing about considerably.

I was anxious to see the working of the twin-

screws. They displaced very little water, the jarring of the screw-shaft was unfelt, and the noise of the working of the machinery was scarcely perceptible as you lay in your berth.

Once one of the engines required attending to, and was stopped for repairs, while the ship still continued her course at half-speed. Our cargo consisted principally of grain, lucifer matches, and wooden planks.

In the afternoon we entered the Skaggerack, and passed the Scaw light—a tall, white structure, just visible, rising above some very low land; and in the evening we saw Cape Hartberg, and steered straight across for Orfordness in Suffolk.

By this time our splendid wind had sunk, and from the look of the clouds, there was every appearance of the wind drawing round to the S.W., which would then be dead a-head. And even so! The next morning there was a strong head wind, and heavy sea. Nothing to be seen, and nothing to be done but grin and bear it!

Slept that night on deck, as the air was mild and pleasant; and the next morning the sea had gone

down considerably, though the wind still dead a-head, lengthening out our passage sadly; we hoped to have made Millwall this evening, but that was now quite out of question. Saw Orfordness late in the afternoon, and joined the road of ships, which is always visible along our coast, and anchored off Gravesend at midnight.

Sunday, August 1.—Ashore in the Isle of Dogs at 5 A.M., and soon home again, after an absence of two months!

Never had we spent a more thoroughly enjoyable time. Health and spirits were recruited and invigorated; and though our pockets were lighter by £100, we shall always look back with satisfaction and delight on our Arctic trip, and remember with gratitude the advice given to us (which we now give to others), "Try Lapland for your summer holiday!"

THE END.

BRADBURY, EVANS, AND CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

3 2044 018 879 999

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

MAR 31 '59 H

WIDENER

WIDENER

NOV 1 1 1993

FEB 1 5 1994

BOOK DUE